FRANK LESLIE'S



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, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1863. [PRICE 8 CENTS.

REAR-ADMIRAL LISOVSKI,

Of the Russian Navy.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. WE are indepled to the courtesy of Mr. Brady for a fine photograph of the naval representative of the Caar, now the recipient of the marks of friendship manifested by the American people. The fact left the Gulf of Finland under his command early in August, and was 56 days in reaching our har-bor, having sailed around by the northern shores of

Admiral Lisovski, the commander, one of the ablest and most experienced Russian naval officers, impresses all with his courteous and gentlemanly manner, as well as by the apparently high qualifications of a superior officer. The late Russian war gave the navy no opportunity for action; and the Czar doubtless prepares for future exigencies by placing his fleet on the Atlantic, near the friendly ports of a nation whose enemies are his own. The honors paid to Admiral Lisovski at New York are too many and too well-known to need a repetition of what has so recently appeared in our columns.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

GENERAL MEADE, whose forces had been weakened to reinforce the army of the Cumberland, was no longer in a condition to hold the position so long and so often oscupied by our army, and on Oct. 10 began to fall back towards Washington, covering his retrograde movement so completely that Lee was foiled in all his attempts to gain his rear, annoy his fanks or crush his rearguard. Our Artist shows his army recrossing the Rappannock, and also scenes on the battlefield of Bristoe station. As we state else-

where, Lee, threatened on his rear and baffled in front, on the 16th made a rapid retreat.

THE SIOUX WAR.

WE add to our previous sketches of the Sioux war, with its thrilling episodes and adventures, the gallant repulse by the cavalry under Capt. Davis of an attack by the Indians on a forage train, just as they were arranging to camp between the James and Missouri rivers. This gallant affair took place on the 26th of July, two days after a complete defeat of a



BRAR-ADMIRAL LISOVEKI. OF THE ECHNAN NAVY.—FROM AN IMPERIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

main army of these treacherous foes. Several of the Indians, including one important chief, were killed in the action which our Artist has faithfully por. trayed.

Barnum's American Museum

BOASTS of the TALLEST GIANT BOY Don't be world, eight feet high; the most beautiful Aqueria and Moring Wax Figures; the largest Snake and Grizzly Bear; and the best DilAMATIC PERFCRAMANCES and GHOST twice a day. Enough, surely, for a quarter.

BEANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1863,

A.1 Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to Frank Lesile. 72 Duane Street be-tween Broadway and Elm, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions vectived for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, also Frank Leslie's Pictorial History of the War of 1861, by George P., Bemis & Co., Proprietors of the London American, 100 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sule.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One copy one	rear	
Two copies.	to one add	dress 5 00
Four "	8 64	9 00
Magazine and	Paper one yes	r 5 00

Summary of the Week.

TENNESSEE.

This State has been one of the centres of interest by the changes made and the operations of our forces.

Brig.-Gen. Crook, after three fights, drove Brig.-Gen. Wheeler and his rebel cavalry out of the Sequatchie valley. These operations closed the glorious career of Rosecrans in command of the army of the Cumberland. The rebels have been gratified by his remo-A new department of Ohio, Kentucky val. and the Cumberland, embracing Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee and parts of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, has been placed under Gen. Grant, the army of the Cumberland to be commanded by Gen. Thomas. Rosecrans is ordered to report at Cincinnati.

Meanwhile Gen. Burnside on the 10th attacked and defeated the rebels at Blue spring and drove them to Bristol, with the loss of 300 men, losing only 100 himself. He also captured their fort at Zollicoffer, burned the railroad bridge and five others, and destroyed a large quantity of rolling stock. On the 21st, Col. Wolford, of Burnside's army, was attacked near Philadelphia, and lost his howitzers and part of his baggage, but the next day drove the enemy back.

VIRGINIA.

Lee, after his severe repulse at Bristoe station, where his loss was very heavy, three Generals, Cook, Posey and Kirkland, being wounded, endeavored with cavalry to gain Meade's rear as he did Pope's, and several minor actions took place. On the 18th a part of Buford's cavalry, after reconnoitring Aldie, Chantilly and Dranesville, fought Stuart at Thoroughfare gap, and Col. Gibbs of Kilpatrick's division met the enemy at Manassas junction and drove him beyond Gainesville. Lee, alarmed by the advance of Burnside on Lynchburg, had on the 16th begun a rapid retreat. On the 18th Imboden captured, as he claims, the United States garrison at Charlestown.

KENTUCKY-SOUTH CAROLINA, ETC.

The 39th and 14th Kentucky, sent out by Col. Gallup, have cleared the eastern part of Kentucky of rebels, but raids continue in other parts.

Gen. Gillmore is advancing his works, but no important movement has taken place.

A skirmish took place on the 13th on Big Black river, Mississippi, in which the rebels suffered severely.

In Arkansas, Holmes has succeeded Price, to the disgust of himself and his men. The two Generals nearly fought.

New Orleans dates to the 17th announce an action at Vermilionville, in which the rebels were defeated. Morganzia was occupied and destroyed. Gen. Banks has taken command in person.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—An albicano, a monstrous fish, 10 feet long, and weighing 1,200 pounds, was captured by some Seabrook fishermen, off Hampton river, on the 20th Oct. It is a species of shark, and very rare to our water.

The foundation-stone of the new Academy of Design, at the corner of 23d street and Four h avenue was 1 id 0ct, 21st. Speeches were made .y Bryant' Park Godwin and other eminest litterateurs.

— Judge Hogeboom has rendered his decision adversely to the Harlem Railroad Company, restraining them from building their track in Broadway, New York

— Mr. Chittenden, a prominent citizen of Brook-lyn, New York, has offered to pay \$10,001 for 201 recruits, to fill up the ranks of the 14th Brooklyn recruiment.

The Progressive Age, of Belfast, Me., states
that the famous trotter Flora Temple died in that city
on the 9th Oct. She had trotted at Bungor a few days
previously, and took a sudden cold, which brought on

an attack of the distemper, of which she died. Her owner valued her at \$1,000.

The Hou. John V. L. Pruyu has been not nated by the Democrats of the XIVth Congression district, to fill the vacuncy caused by the resignation the Hon. Erastus Corning.

— The Hon. Erastus Corning.

— The Hon. Martin Kalbfleisch accepts the nomination for llayor of Broo-lyn, tendered him by the Independent Democrats and a Committee of Zaxpayera. This makes three and data is for the Mayoratty of that city: Col. Alfred M. Wood (Union), Benjumin Prince (Equiar Democratic), and Martin Kalbfleisch (Independent Democratic).

— The elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania have resulted in the social triumph of the Union parts, Gov. Currin being elected over Judge Woodward by acove 20 000; woile in Ohio, Vallanoushem was defeated by the courmous vote of nearly 100,000—a vote unparalleled in our electoral history.

leled in our electors history.

— The Russian officers on the 22d Oct, proceeded on an excursion to Nugara Falls. This was in response to an invitation by the People's Line of Albany steamers and the Now York Central and Eric railrosds. They embarked on board the Daniel Drew steamer, under the consuct of the Committee of Arrai gements, a few minutes before eight o'clock. The steamer soon after proceeded up the Hudson, beautifully decorated with flags. In the state cabin a fire banquet was pirtuken of by all hands, curing which Mr. Water, the Irish harpist, entertained the guests with excellent music on that instrument. On arriving at Albany, the officers were received by his Excellency the Governor and stiff.

Western.—Four of the Mississippi steamboat inceaduaries have een arrested at Memphis. One of them was caught while attempting to fire the steamboat Continental, which was full of passengers, while on her way from New Orleans to St. Louis.

on her way from New Orleans to St. Louis.

— The enlargement of the Eric and Oswego canals, in connection with the projected Illinois ship canal, will be vigorously pressed upon the incoming Congress. "The vote of the entire Illinois delegation." says the Times, "has already been tendered to to Dewitt C. Littlejohn, of Oswego, for Speaker of the House, for his championship of this scheme of military defence."

— The La Crosse Democrat says: "A German, named Heofitch. residing five miles west of La Crescent, was morried in Portage in November, 1800, to a German girl. In August, 1861, Mrs. Heofitch gave birth to three boys, two of whom lived; in June, 1802, she gave birth to three boys and a girl, two of the boys and the girl living; on the 5th of this month she gave birth to two girls and a boy, all of whom are alive and well." Government cannot afford to draft the head of that family.

Graft the head of that family.

Southern.—The Richmond Examiner has a correspondent near Chattanooga, who gives some very interesting particulars of Jeff Davis's visit to the rebel coran under Br-gg. He says that Bragg is to be supers: ed by Longstreet. The reason of Bregg's removal is his quarrels with his officers. Polik, Forrest and Hindman have all combined to remonstrate against his jonger continuing in command. The rebet correspondent praises very much the manner in which Rosecrans has iorthied Chattanocga.

Military.—By late English journals we observe that several ascents have been made at Woolwich with a monster balloon, the War Department having survivoned a series of experiments, in order to ascertain the value of balloons when used to reconnotire the movements of an army in the field, or to obtain information as to the position of an enemy's forces. The ascerts are said by the Times to have been highly satisfactory.

been highly satisfactory.

— A letter has been received by the wife of Dr. D. T. Nestell, surgeon on board the United States gunboat Chitton, at her residence, Llewellyn park New Jersey, from her husband, glving some particulars of his capture by the robels at Sabine Pass on Sept. 9 He is at present in Basumont, Texas, attaining to our wounded, of whom only two have died since they were trought ashore. Those of the officers and men who were not wounded were sent to Houston, where they will remain until percent of the work of the did to the same of the did to the same of the would some send on a complete list of the killed and wounded.

— The Washington correspondent of the W. Y.

of the killed and wounded.

The Washington corr spondent of the N. Y.

Evening Post s.ys that there is talk in mil tary circles
of an early repeal of one of the sections of toe Conscription act by the new Congress—that which provides for temporary exemption by the payment of
\$300. This will be urged in December, and it is not
improbable that when the next draft is made, should
the quota not be m. de up by volunteering, exemption
by the payment of money will be impossible.

Personal.—Bishop Lee, of Delaware, accompunied by the Rev. Mr. Yulliamson, of Illinois, sailed
in the steamer Saladin for Port au Prince, Hayti, to
survey the field, with a view to the establishment of
a mission in connection with the Protestant Episcopal
Church of the United States.

Sec. Stanton and Grn. Halleck are now on a

— See, Stanton and Grn. Halleck are now on a visit to the West. It is said they have gone to arrange with Geu. Grant the new campaign which is to end in the fall of Mobile. Gen Grant and Mr. Staton had never met till they saw each other on the 24th, at Memphis. We understand they were mutually surprised, but which way the telegraph does not say.

Obituary.—William Sturgis, aged 81 years, or of the most distinguished citizens of Boston, died his residence there on the 21st Oct.

— Col James E. Mailon, of the 42d regiment, was killed at Bristoe station on the 14th Oct, while gallantly leading his men iato action. He was formerly a member of the 7th reg ment, and by rare mer t and energy raised himself to be active Brigadier-General. He leaves a widow and three children.

— The Hon. George A. Starr, of Thomaston, Me. died there on the 14th Oct. He was a member of the Senate for 1863, and had been re elected at the last election. died th

election.

Mrs. Trollope, the authoress, has just died at Fiorence. She was born at Heckfield, Hasts, in 1779. Her father was the Rev. Mr. Milton, who held the New College living of Heckfield. The old Wykchamist connec ion brought about Miss Milton's marrings with Mr. Thomas Anthony Trollope, B.C.L. of Oxford (1794), and Fellow of New College, who was called to the bar in 1801, and died at Bruges, Oct. 23, 1835. In the early portion of her career she acquired some notoriety as the writer of the famous work on "America and the Americans." Mrs. Trollope's later works are too numerous to be given in detail. They include: "The Vicar of Wrex.hil.," "The Widow Barnaby," "The Widow Married," "The Harnabys in rica." "Jessie Phill.ps." and many others. Two rica. Trollope's sons have distinguished themselves America. " Jessie L.
of Mrs. Trollope's sons
in the world of letters.

in the world of letters.

The Archbishop of Dublin, Richard Whateley, died Oct. 8. He was born in Surrey, Eag., and educated at Oxford. He distinguished himself by his theological studies very early. In 1823 he marred the daughter of Mr. Pope, a weathy merchant. In 1831, the Whiga being them in office, he was couserated Arch sinhou of Dublin and Bishop of Glenuslach; and since 1844 he had also be a Babo of Riddre. As Prinoste of Invand, Dr. Whateley has less used active and influential life, taking later so as in the all churchman in all questions of social and ecclasistical importance, and mercapecially in Irish education. He was one of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, but resigned his continued activity as a theological writer, for until within a few months of his death his pen was constantly busy.

The Hon. John Savaga died at Utica on the

— Gen. John S. Darey, one of the most eminent practising physicians of New Jersey, died at Newark, 221 Oct., of paralysis, aged 75 years. Gen. Darcy was prominently noted for his personal popularity and influence. He was United Stytes Marshai under the Administration of Geo. Jackson and Martin Van Buren. Gen. Darcy was the first and orly President of the New Jersey Railroad and Transportstion Company. He was a trominent mem'er of the Masonic fraternity, having held the office of Grand Master of the State of New Jersey, and held during his lifetime many other positions of nonor and trust.

Accidents and Offences.—A grocer named Paulaner, or Cleveland, Ohio, hvbig by degrees amassed 5,000 dollars in gold and silver, burded it had his cellar. The other might when he went to ray his usual visit, to his horror he found it had been so dea What renders this the more remarkable he cannot fix a suspicion on any one, as he was the sole depositor of his own scerel. There is not lieg like putting one's treasure in the hank after all, twough now and then there are Artisan's banks among these.

—A man named Wet on shot his son in-law on the evening of the 221 Oct., in a house in Christopher street. It was caused by the young man attempting to remove some farmiture from i.e ola man's house, which the latter said belonge: to i.mv.

— The City of Bosion steamer ran into the North river boat Oregon, opposite Hoboken, on the 2cd Oct., and so damaged her that she sunk. No lives were lost.

were lost.

— As the United States supply steamer Union was steaming past Sandy Hook on the night of the 16th Oct., she first ran into the pilot boat Meses H. Grionell, which she materially damaged, and shortly alterwards ran into the James Franck, another pilot boat, which was so damaged that she sank immediately, the crew having barely time to save their lives. Neither of the boats had lights. The value of the James Frank is 20 000 dollars.

Foreign.—There are 15,000 lawyers in England; 4.500 of them are barriaters.

4,500 of them are barristers.

— We have dates from Havana to Oct. 16, and from Vera Crus to Oct. 1. The Mexican news is unimportant. The French have not yet advanced beyond the City of Mexico. Gen. Forey was to leave the city, in order to return to France, on the 1st inst. The dates from Santo Domigo are to the 12th inst. At that date the insurer tion was far from being suppresse. Gen Santura has obtained, as the crgans of the Spanish Government maintain, the "first triumph" over the rebels. The latter, on the other hand, had distroyed Paerto Plats on the 4 h inst. Gen. Primo de Rivera had been left there with 1,200 men in an extrached eamp. The insurgents had formed a Government at Santiago de los C.balleros, and demanded to be recoguised as bell gerents.

— A singular incident occurred recevily at the

A singular incident occurred recently at the Rainey Circus at Oatend, when the Duchtes de Brabant was present. The performance terminated with a stag hunt, in which the a imal, ficding itself surrounced, made a cosperate lesp and alighted in the royal box at the feet of the duchess. It that jumped over the low partition, rushed down the grand staircase at the box of the box, gained the street, and has not since been heard of.

— The celebrated garden Mabille, in Paris, has been sold, and a street is to be cut through it.

— It has been ascertained by a traveller in Grisons, Switzerland, that an eagle flew in his a five miles in five minutes.

We miles in two minutes.

— The tin works of South Wales, many of which stopped operations at the beginning of the civil war in the Uni ed States, are resuming. Heavy contracts have been made within the Last four months, and new

—— An attempted suttee near Goonah, India, is recorded. After ascending the pile with due ceremony, the wid: w predicted, as usual, the speedy downfail of the Bittish rule. But as the finnes reached her she shriesed and fied being sever by yourded by the attendants who tried to capture her. Reaching the river Perbatty she concepted here if under some bushes, but was discovered an drownen. Several of those concerned in the crime have been apprehended and will be tried at Goonah.

spprehended and will be tried at Godan.

— The cup and chest of Alexander Selkirk, the world-famel Robinson C.usoe of Defoe, have now become the property of a gentleman in London, These interesting relits have up to this time remained in the possession of Selkirk's descendant, in Largo, Fire, where he was born. The cup was put upon a stalk and mounted with silver by Sir Wa'ter Scott. It is made out of a cocoa nut, and rudely carved. The chest is very heavy, and is very curlously dovetailed.

curiously dovetailed.

— The Russiau Minister of Marine has commanded the construction of a new description of ships, which, in case of war, are to be sunk at the entrance of the port of Cronstadt, to prevent a hostile fleet from entering. This system is the same as that employed at Sebastopol in 1864, with this difference, that the newly-invented ships are so one ructed that at the conclusion of the war they may be taken to pieces and remayed, and the passege again cleared.

— The son of Gep. Mouravieff, who was lately appointed to the post of Governor of Kowro, Poland, recently caused a fem le servant to be hanged in the market-place, for having served as a sutter in the ranks of the insurgents, and twelve latices were compelled to be present at the spectacle as winesses.

pelled to be present at the spectacle as winesses.

A convict, an immate of the prison of Lesparre (Gironde), attempted to commit suicide, from grief at seeing the expiration of his long term of imprisorment approach. He had become so secus omed to his regular daily life that he had decaded being again turned sortife on the world. He had attempted to strangle himself and to beat out his brains with a stone, but neither of those means suiceceded, and he was found by the jailor lying in a pool of blood, with his torgue protruding from his meauth, his eyes starting from his neads with a lage wound in the top of his head. He was removed to the hospital, and it was supposed that his injuries would prove to be fatal.

Art, Science and Literature.—Goldwin Smith, Professor of History of Oxford College, England, lately delivered an excellent lecture before the Manchester Atheneum, on the question, "Does the Bible sauxion Slavery?" For comprehensive view it greatly exceeds anything published on this side of the Atlantie. It is humil'ating to know that the partisan spirit of our education, and that deprayed habit of talking buncombe, has so dwarfed the American mind, that in philosophy and literature we are altogether surpassed by Europeans. In the material arts, such as sculpture and painting, we are equal to the first of the Old World.

— We are promised some interesting works this

such as sculpture and painting, we are equal to the first of the Old World.

— We are promised some interesting works this winter. M. E-3mond About is getting ready a "Life of Voltaire;" M. Arsene Houssaye is vorking on a "Life of Jean Jacques Rousseau;" M. Gilbert has mearly completed a Life and a new edition of the Works of de La Rochefoucauld; M. P. osper "suggere, the dis overer of the manus ripp of Pascal's "Pensées," is about to publish an abridgment of Our Sevior "E. Life by Pascal, which le has recently founc; M. Alfred Maury is going to give us a history of the Old A adeas, of Seleccas; M. J. P. Bo-siggot has in preparation a work on the sacred origin of mislaturgs; M. E. de Consentaker is correcting the last proofsheets of a work enditled, "Sert torum de Murica Medit Abri novam seriam, a Garbertina alternat;" it will contem to less than 14 uspublished treaties an medieval rousie. We were to have a now—the XV—volume of M. M. Chelet's "History of France;" this volume was to have been devoted to the Regency, which would have suited well with M. Michelet's pencil; rat a cird of M. Chameroo, his publisher, amounces that "an unexpected el cumstance?" hear tarded the issue of his volume; its publisher, amounces that "an unexpected el cumstance?" hear tarded the issue of his volume; its publisher, amounces that "an unexpected el cumstance?" hear tarded the issue of his volume; its publisher, amounces that "an unexpected el cumstance?" hear tarded the issue of his volume; its publication is indefinitely postponed. The late M. Boisle-Comite (who is not to be confounded with the diplomatist who represented the Tailerles at Washington in the succession of the Regence of the tarded to the tarded the same of the volume; its publisher, amounces that "an unexpected el cumstance."

some years ago), has left a history of French dip!
many nearly ready for publication; the maxmerpt is
in M. Guisot's hands for revision, and it will be ten
to the printer's some early month of winter M. Julia
de Lastervie will publish this winter the second rel
ume of his "History of Lubrity in Europe."

The Publishers' Circular, which has become quite an authority in the publishing we lid as well as the world of let ers, will be changed some what in name, which is to be in facure the Literary Gazette. This is an improvement upon the old one, whi has certainly too formal. The entire who ever the hands of Mr. G. W. Childes, who, like Charles highly of London, unites the qualities calculated to make accessful publisher and an excellent clitic. Mr. Childe is assisted by many eminent liverary man, whose varied combinations give it that scholarly raciness which has gaund it so wide a neput bloom.

Crawford's group of statuary his been hierary.

- Crawford's group of statuary his been h isted place on the north warg of the Capitol in Wash-

The beautiful Princess Adele Colorus, ad Afry of Freiburg, Sautzerland, by birth, w. it. it can is European art circles as an accomplished could be a base for a could be a base for a could be a beauty and a could be a perfect general could be a perfect general beauty and a could be a perfect general could be a could be

of art.

Chat.—Mr. Lincoln's las' story is in reference to the Missouri and Karnas troubles, going by the Missouri radicals. The Prosident stake that it aeminded him of a certain field of land that he tilled when he was farming. He had one large fine field of splendid land—it was one that he thought a great deal of; most of it was magnifecent land and easily tilled. But in one end of the lot there were afer acres covered with pine stumps that greatly amoyed him. These stumps were so hard that it was impossible to burn them out; they were so wet that was impossible to burn them out. The result was that he had to plough around them. "So," said the President, "I shall probably be compelled to do with the Kannas and Missouri imbroglio—plough around them."

A poet was walking with M. Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand, preceiving at a thort distance man yawning, pointed him out to his friend, saying, "Not so loud; he hears you!"

A carse is like a stone thrown up t and most likely to return on the head of throws it.

— Mr. George Peabody, the American banker, of London, has presented Yale College with a geological actinet worth \$1.5,000.

— Sporting is so much the rage in Paris that the newspaper La France intends to devote a daily column to sporting orings, including quotations of betting in E. gland and France.

— 150 lamas and alpacas are to be turned into an inclosure in the Bois de Bouloges. Paris. They have been sent as a present from the President of the Republic of Peru.

— Soldom has Baden-Baden been so full of visitors as during the present year; for, as we learn by a letter, they recently numbered 31,000.

The Portugese Government has just built a gusboat, which was recently launched. It curies only a single gus, but bears the grandiloquent name of Terror dos Mares.

of Terror doe Mares.

"Grand hotels, on the American p'an, ar rising up on all sides," says the Court Journal.

"There is one just on the start opposite Held's Life, which is in the Strand; just below is a grand muschall two-thirds on the ruad to completion; lower down, Charing Cross Grand Hotel; and the Porthad Place Botel is ore-third up. It will be one of the grand at buildings in England, so we should sy, by the appearance of the place. How they will be all clid we know not; but we must invent attractions for the stranger, and draw more residents to Loucoa, by making ourselves cleaner and more lovely to look at than at present."

—In Galway (Ireland) a newspaper has just been.

— In Galway (Ireland) a newspaper has just been started to ... id Fed-ral recruiting, under the guise of emig ation. It is styled the United Irishman and American, and displays at its head the mingled emolems of the United States and Ir-land. The indeements offered the emigrants are high pay and a future war with England—both powerful, we should think!

At a London policecont, lately and are a second as the control of the

At a London police-court, lately, a man was charged with stealing lead from an empty house. He admutted to the constable who acpr. hended him that he had taken the lead, and adder, mournfully, "it certainly is a very pattry act, for in my time I have broken into and robbed jewellers' shops. See what it is to be reduced!"

DR. JOHANNES VON EISENBERG.

THE subject of our sketch, whose eminence THE Subject of our sketch, whose eminence as a physician is known to every capital of Europe, is descended from one of the oldest and noblest houses of German. The tourist who ramb'es through the pleasant duchy of Sax-Aitenburg, will find, at a day's journey, in an east-north-easterly direction from the capital of the state, a truly Saxon town of about 5,000 inhabitants, which bears the name of an ancient baronial family, whose castic, erected in the funding yet stands buildy out near the summit of a commanding hill. This castle, as the town at its foot, is known as Eisenberg. Surrounced by its most act manding hill. This easile, as the town at its foot, is known as Elsenberg. Surrounced by its most and defended by its stout walls, the donjon within his been the birth-lare of may a valiant knight as warrior, ancestors of Dr. Von Eisenberg, who wrie the lawgivers, benefactors and defenders of the passantry that sing it protection beneath the shadow of the attent booking keep.

Thus his grandfather, the Baron d'Eisenberg, le re'ers to as the founder of the Horse Gaards, Londos, who early entered the service of his English Majesty who early entered the service of his English Majesty George II., whem Theckery, in his "Foot Georges," has so wittily described. Baron d'Eisenberg was, shortly after the coronation of George II., rased to the dignified position in the King's housebold of first Lord in Waiting, and seems also to have held a mili-tary position of an advisory character. The bross was not an idle man. As a writer he was very prolific. There are now in the libraries of the royal families of

was not an idle man. As a writer he was very prolife. There are now in the libraries of the royal families of Europe numerous works, printed over 100 years ago, from his pen, which in their time were received to high authority. We have seen one of those productions of the baron; it is a large quarto, on the first two pages of which are printed, as subscribers, the rames of the monarchs and princes thee regioning the kingdoms and princes the regioning the kingdoms and princes to an experience to cor, w. s., like his manediate accessor, deed colymitate of the decry, which have been an experience of the decry, which have been an experience of the decry, which have been an experience of the decry, which have been decry to the decry to the decry, which have been decry to the decry that have a second early have the mane and the colonel is tend of the same prifes too of arous the colonel is tend of the same accordically place of hom at the University, of call, in the note a military is stution; but it was intended the having g aduated with the honors, he should also mence melitary stades and ut thankly become o col Austria's famous gea-rais. The coctor's cantonious work at we not with the mysteries of automy, of which the education with the mysteries of automy, of which, obtaining the reluctant consent of his parect, he account an estimated of the class, with the honorable disjounce of artisms magister and medicine doctor was not, however actinates of a totarship the doctor was not, however actinates of a totarship the doctor was not, however actinates of a totarship the doctor was not, however actinates of a meaning the course of Europe where the most eminent lecturers on pathology and

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nstomy resided, and devoured, with mental egger-less, the words of experience and wisdom which tropped, like glistening pearls, from their lips. At lergth, having convinced himself that he had equired much of the knowledge then extant in the elools of Europe, the doctor reture dt to his native lipy of Festh, and soon his reputation extended far

pear.
se curious and delicate atructures the eye and
se curious and delicate atructures the eye and
ar early attracted the doctor's attention. In fact,

seloois of nations, soon his reputation extended far and near.

Take enrious and delicate structures the eye and the car city attracted the dector's attraction. In fact, he was drawn to a more profound consideration of their conformations than probably at that day he would have ackno deliged to himself. His purposes were, of course, gracules to his crofe sion; but, now the standing, he would read with greet read and car than of my other class of works that came within the receipt of the period of his general was feel at than of my other class of works that came within the receipt his studies.

Duing the period of his general was feel at Posth he invented a magnetic instrument, which the designed for the use of patients whose respiratory organs were nearly to obstructed and to give fuller play to the lurge, reveloping them out of phthysical tendencies. With this instrum in the was exceedingly successful, and it was soon introduced to and adopted by the facility of his great lifes—the spen at dear.

One day a woman called at his office, leading a child by the hard, and desired that it should a referred to the use of its trague. It had, she sided, when the hister after was of the most melignent type, and when the bittle sufficer re overcal it was found deprived of the use of peech. It had not uttered one wood from the hour of convelescence until I was introduced to the dector, who heartated at rectiving it as a patient. The woman versisted. She had heard, she lad been disceed by her medical attendant, to bring the child bim, with the assurance that it was totally deaf. The woman termisted. She had heard, she said, of the would attempt a cure, and went to work. For days the doctor accordance and underted at the conclusion that it was totally deaf with little encouragement to the woman, he said he would attempt a cure, and went to work. For days the doctor accordance, and went to work and arrived at the conclusion that it was totally deaf for moments of the child are refored to his underted, and he reluctantly gave

however, I will not attempt to without the woman and the consent.

On the following morning the woman and the child person to the morning the door and were somited.

"Modune," said the doctor, "thus far I bave falled in my efforts to restore your child to the birshings of bearing and speaking. I have but one recurse. It is a desperate one. I may injure him even more than he is row, and I may restore him to health. What say you?"

The woman had become so fully persuaded that the coeter could and would cure the little sufferer, that she at once assented to any experiment he might attempt. It was her faith in the physician that led her thus blindly to consent to his proposition.

ms ac ner time in many to consent to mis proposition.

With a sort of desperation (if it would be proper to
call is such), the doctor placed the patient on a rabic
and applied the battery. A shock was sent through
the held and body of the child. A gasp, a spasm
followed, and to the infinite delight of the woman
and the doctor, the sufferer, for the first time in four
years, utiered, in his native tongue, the enduaring
name of mother. This success increased the reputation of the physician, and it call him at the same time
to more puritually inquiries into the character of the
discuss of the car.

The sum of the car.

The sum of the car.

Which he continued the practice of his profysion
at Pesh, he was salled on to examine a case of biddrast sufficient which gets style added to the practical sum
of his medical knowledge.

Which he continued the practice of his profysion
at Pesh, he was salled on to examine a case of biddrasin an aged man. The patent was we lithy, had
visited Virmas, and had there employed professed
cellists, hoping that his a galt would by some
myacle be restored to him. They failed, and now, as
a last resource, he invited Doctor You Ele enberg to
examine his eyes. By a pleee of good fortune the
doctor at once districted the cause of his binners,
and without cellsy went to work. In half an hour
the old gentlem on could see distinctly last darkened
room. In a few days he was abroad!

Here was another triumph for the doctor. His
reputation bad now appread throughout Austria, and he
was formally invited to Vienna. His remarkable
success, which circumstances rabber than his own
predictions controlled, in relieving the case sud
and other cities, in cill of which he received testimonia's of honor. The present Empror of France,
Louis Napoleon, had not been on the throne a week
when he invited the doctor to be presence, and atdoctor cities, in cill of which he received testimonia's of honor. The present Empror of France,
Louis Napoleon, the otive he was done for a real
his submy and provide

putation for the doctor, cite hundreds of cases; but we do not know that there is a necessity for the say more than there is for "gilding refined gold." The doctor's reputation cannot, by words of ours, be added to, nor cen it be disturbed by the mest hypercritical, for the simple research that his called one of simples for the simple research that he is called on to dismiss one who can switch a did on the simple of the first and it is rare indiced that he is called on to dismiss one who can switch either of his great specialties, as an incorrect of the special time of the special time, as an incorrect of the special time, as a special time,

curbl.

The Eastern hemisphere acknowledges his learning and his kull, and it will not be many morths ere his name becomes in America as faultar to the neople as "household worra". In him they will find no quack. He knows nothing of assurates or mirade, what he does is the result of positive knowledge, He guesses at nothing—hexards nothing. His rules are as immutable as the laws of science—under them he works, and through them he has gained a reputation second to no other as an oculist and an aurist.

THE HEIRESS OF ELKINGTON.

PART I .- CONTINUED.

THE temper of the dragoon suffered considerably from this pressure of untoward circumstance, and the pret y young widow found her younger brother's society anything but agreeable during the silent meal to which, notwithstanding his morning's disappointment, it must be admitted he did ample stice. Perhaps he was too well accustomed to the caprice of the young heiress to put down the snub direct which she had given him that afternoon for more than it was worth.

If he had raised his eyes a little oftener or with greater interest from his well-furnished plate—Mrs. de Vere kept a first-rate cook, whose wages were punctually paid—he might have observed a triumphant sparkle in the widow's black eyes and a slight nervous flutter, which betrayed unusual emotion of some sort, which had her brother even not been too preoccupied or too sulky to notice, he would have been far from attributing to the right cause.

She looked particularly handsome that evening, for she was richly dressed, and was a woman whom dress became. The sheeny folds of her peach-colored silk and the sparkle of the diamonds on her plump white hands gave her a brilliant, showy look; while Madame Rachel herself may have been suspected of having had something to do with the bloom of her complexion, which was bright and glowing, like that of a Hebe of eighteen.

Notwithstanding all these attractions, however, there was something about her unpleasantly sug-gestive of a handsome reptile, a beautiful spotted snake, a gorgeous foreign lizard, a toad with the mythical jewel crowning its repulsive head; something to admire at a distance, a splendid creature, but, eugh! no nearer, if you please; the very sheen being suggestive of venom and the sparkle of the forked tongue, fit emblem of the tongue of venomous human nature, at whose hideous aspect the stoutest heart has been known to tremble and turn pale.

If the comparisons we have made sound somewhat invidious when applied to so comely a dame, we own to a certain amount of prejudice against her in the moment of success, when her artfully-laid schemes are on the point of triumphant realization. As adversity is the test of friendship, prosperity gauges the extent of human antipatry or dislike. I see my enemy in the hands of the Philistines, or struggling in the deadly embrace of a master in the art of garotting, and I am ready to extend the right hand of fellowship and to perish in his defence on the spot; I see him on the pinnacle for which we are all striving, and in the struggle to gain which we get so many more buffets than thanks, the pinnacle of success, and my enmity rises to sun heat; while I respond heartily to my friend Miss Verjuice's favorite reading of the sacred psalmist, in which she associates all worldly prosperity with the state of those who flourished in his time, as she ends, by sententiously assuring you, "like a green bay tree:" in fact, she reads this verse with such terrible emphasis when it occurs in the service of the church, that the gentleman who made his fortune in the tallow trade, and to whom the church-wardens have assigned a better pew than her own, takes it as a personal insult and feels inclined to quarrel with his prayerbook, for giving his arch foe the opportunity of endorsing a sentiment so little in accordance with his personal opinions on the subject of worldly success.

To return to the lady whom we have ungraciously

left, in the shimmer of her jewels and her silks, lingering over dessert in the society of her uncompanionable brother, we are bound to make the reveration which fell upon the resolute heart of that young officer tike a blow, but for which the reader will have been prepared by the opening part of the present chapter. Had Captain Blayne been less occupied with his own "urgent private affairs," he might have guessed from Mrs. de Vere's restless demeanor that she had something of importance to communicate.

See walked from the table to the window, and from the window back to the table, and then placing her jewelled hand upon her brother's shoulder, she began in the false rallying accents in which, could a cat sprak, one could fancy it addressing its little panic-stricken victim, while in the pangs of impending torture and death.

"You did not propose to Miss Elkington to-day, did you, Ernest, dear?"
"What's that to you?" was the ungracious

roply; "it really is too bad to come and pump a a fellow in this sort of way. What can it be to you, Harriet, whether I did or not?"

Not much on me, Ernest, but a good deal to ou: whether the heiress of forty thousand a year, accepted or refused a penniless young captain of dragoons is, I should have thought, a fact of some little importance, in which the young man's only sister might be supposed to take some passing interest. At all events, I do no think it a question of so little moment, and on my own account did not hesitate to secure so pleasant an addition to my yearly incom

As she said this she placed her hand once more Quite blind before."

As see said this sure processor of building up a reon on her brother's shoulder; the peach-colored silk

porition, he could not have appeared more hopelessly bewildered and terrified, han he did when his sister had pronounced the slowly articulated sentence just quoted—"I have consented to marry Mr. Elkington.

When the power of speech returned, the only comment he made was, "The deuce you have!" But the fierceness of its utterance staggered even the widow, and brought a slight flush to her usually

imperturbable countenance. "I cannot give it up for your sake; if you are going to marry the heiress, a jointure of three thousand will hardly be missed, out of an income of forty thousand a year; so go in and win as I have done, Ernest," she added with a laugh, at which her more refined brother shuddered as well as rowned. We prest do him the justice to own as rowned. We must do him the justice to own that he loved Ella very dearly for herself, and that to hear her spoken of as an object of barter jarred his best feelings, and made him for the moment hate the woman who stood before him, glittering and triumphant, in her diamonds and silks.

But if his feelings on the occasion were fierce and rindictive, we can imagine the depth of the bitterness which stirred Ella's soul, when her father with much hesitation, and with a final burst of tears, broke to his daughter and heiress the fact of his intended marriage with the widow, Mrs. de Vere.

She stood calm and apparently passionless, for a minute, until she had fully taken in the terrible truth, and then, with white lips, and dry, burning eyes-for her father's tears could not move her -she said-"Father, it cannot be."

"It must be, my dear. I could not go back from my word. I am an eld man now; and should you ever leave me, I shall be a lonely old man. Mrs. de Vere is very good to me; do not make me miserable by opposition, I beg and pray. Everything is arranged for the marriage, and it must go

According to the habit of weak natures, the poor old man spoke as though he were only a passive instrument in the hand of fate, and as though he himself had not set the ball a rolling and were not responsible for the course it took. But in common with weak natures too, he possessed the characteristic of obstinacy, and Ella knew that, with all his deep affection for her, that to hope to move him from his stedfast purpose was a hopeless and impossible task.

If there was bitterness in the tone in which she "No father, I will never make you miserable; and may you never live to repent the step you are about to take," it was but the faint echo of the bitterness which raged in her own heart as she thought of another mistress at Elkington, and such a mistress as Mrs. de Vere. The love which she entertained for that lady's brother—and that it was love we may assure the reader in the strict confidence of a tite-d-tite—did not mollify her feelings in the least with regard to the widow herself. In-deed it made her doubly biter to remember, with a pang, that had she not found his society so fascinating and beguiting her father might never have fallen into the trap so artfully prepared, and into which she herself had stumbled with such ready haste.

And if her feelings were those of uncontrollable jealousy, when the idea of an interloper in her home, of a rival in the rule which had been so absolute and unquestioned, had first been presented to her, they rose into those of passionate hate when, after a year passed in strife with a nature as strong and ambitious as her own, the fact was announced to her that her stepmother might shortly present the house of Elkington with a son and heir.

This was a contingency of which, in her wildest jealousy, she had never dreamt. She who had reigned and ruled heiress of Elkington for one-andtwenty years, to be swindled of her inheritance, ousted from her throne by the child of a stepmother whom she hated—a child who would be called her brother. She flung herself passionately on the ground, in a deluge of tears. She had fied to her own private and particular garden, into which no one ventured to follow or molest her, since the moods of the heiress had become a subject of comment and observation in the house. There, in the shade, upon the velvet turf, with the splash of the fountain and the songs of the birds in her maddened ears, Ella gave free vent to the anguish of her sou: and utterance to convulsive sobs, which appeared to rend and tear the slight frame to the very

The turf was so smooth and soft that the sound of approaching footsteps was not heard, and before Ella could spring to her feet or gather up the tresses of hair which, escaping from the net which held them, were scattered in dire confusion almost to her feet, she was surprised by the presence of an intruder on her privacy, and that intruder was Capt. Blavne!

He had arrived at an inauspicious moment, for Miss Elkington was not one who could bear a witness to her agony and humiliation. It was a generous mo'ive, nevertheless, that had caused him to seek her there. He, too, had heard the news which had blanched her cheek and filled her heart with titterness; and with an impulse of love which he could not restrain, he had hastened to her side to renew and confirm his expressions of attachment, to prove that the news, so unwelcome to both had wrought no charge in him.

He fourd Ella in no mood to appreciate his generosity or to listen to his love story. She angrily, almost fiercely, bade him leave her to her-self; she reproached him, with bitterness, for intruding on her privacy; and concluded with the words:

"Henceforth, Capt. Blayne, we must be

strangers to one another."
"As you like, Miss Elkington," he said, stung to the quick by her words, and, raising his hat, he would have left her as a ruptly as he came, but one glance at those tear-stained cheeks, at the down-cast, swollen eyelids, at the poor tangled hair, towards which the small hands furtively wandered, in the restlessness of mortified pride, made his heart bleed for the only woman he had ever loved; and, with a sudden impulse, he turned, and drawing her towards him, said: "Eda! Ella! do not send me Who has a better right to protect you than I?"

So you see that the young soldier's heart was in the right place, and if the profession of his love was mixed with a little harmless braggadocio, we must remember that it was the language of his profession, and in the defence of aggrieved weakness that he proclaimed war. Ella had been no woman could she have listened unmoved at such a woman could see have instened unmoved at such a moment to words of sympathy from beloved lips. Her head drooped for a moment on his shoulder, she felt the throbbings of the heart that loved her so truly and well; but she meant it for a farewell caress: with a perverted view of her position, she looked upon herself as humiliated, disgraced; and in low accents, which were full of the bitterness of her heart, she said, "But for your sister, Ernest, I would never have sent you away; but, as it is, we can only be strangers to one another—good-bye!"

And, with a passionate sob, she broke from him, although her heart was breaking as she did it, and flew to her own room, where she remained for the rest of the day. When she joined the family party at dinner-time, she was calm, stony, composed, and heard, without the slightest outward sign of emetion, that Capt. Blayne had appeared and disappeared as suddenly as he came, "leaving no message," his sister added, pointedly,

She wished Ella to conclude that he had slighted and neglec'ed her, and that the possible difference in her position was the cause of his coldness.

But Ella knew better than this, and the shaft fell harmless at her feet. She answered, coldly— "Capt. Blayne was no doubt of the opinion that a message through a third party would be super-

fluous, after the interview which he had with me alone. Perhaps your ready wit, in coupling it with his sudden departure, will supply the missing link. If not, I have the honor to inform you, that your brother was so good as to make me a pro-posal, which I was considerate enough to decline." Was it possible that this calm, self-possessed

was it possible that this caim, self-possessed girl, who looked like a glassy lake on a still day, was capable of the stormy outburst of passion in which we lately surprised her? Is it, indeed, true, that the still waters run deepest, and that underneath an unruffled surface the turbulent soul hoards the concentrated strength that could not be released without danger to itself and others?

Day after day of weary expectation passed over that unhappy family party; while each member of it carried a load at his or her heart which the expected event would either bitterly increase or that his expected event would either bitter; y increase or altogether remove. The squire wished as ardenly that his expected child might prove a girl, as his wife did that she might live the happy mother of a son, who would put the reins of power into her hands for many years to come. His remorse, for the injury he had done his daughter, was bitter and constant and it had acced and broken him small her. constant, and it had aged and broken him, until he was hardly to be recognised for the same man.

"The weariest day must have an end at last," and time brings in its band the solution of every riddle which fate gives us to puzzle out. afternoon of that November morning, which we describe in the commencement of the story, Ella, who had been visiting the poor, and carrying little dainties to the sick and aged, which were all the sweeter as coming from loving and beloved hands, met a groom riding furiously in the direction of the county town.

She knew, instinctively, what his errand must be, and she turned pale and faint: a few hours more, and her fate will be decided.

"Oh, miss," said a woman to whom she had been talking about an ailing child—"oh miss, we do all pray, to be sure, that he may not be a son

"A son and heir !- a son and heir !"-said the young lady, nusingly, as she threw off her hat and shawl; and then, flinging herself on her knees, with the whole strength of her passionate soul she alse prayed that it might not be a son and heir.

She dined with her father that evening once more she dided with heriatiner that evening once more alone—the poor, bent, saddened old man! She was lively, even gay, to cheer him, she said to herself—to console him, who, if he had injured her, had also lost his own happiness in the venture, and who was still her dear father, whom she would have once more for a little time to hereal? self.

They both sat up till late, the accounts of the invalid being duly rendered from time to time by Mrs. Elkington's maid. The last report, before they d for the night, fortable, and hoped they would all go to bed. old man's hand shook, and his voice faltered, as he bade his daughter "good-night," but she was calm went to bed and to sleep, and unmoved. She while her fate trembled in the balance. A white face met her gase as she opened her eyes in the morning light, and white lips murmured the words-

surs. Elkington is dead ma'am."

"And the child?" said a hollow voice, sick with apprehension, in reply—" And the child?" (To be continued.)

CLOTHING FOR THE ARMY.—All who wish to purchase the best and cheapest materials for wearing, such as French Fiannel Army Shirts, Dress Shirts, Gloves, Scarfs, &c., should call upon James Parrish, 32 Cupal street. It is one of the best Family Hosiery Establishments in the etty.

THE GIANT BALLOON.



acciamations of at least haif a million of people. The Giant descended in the marshes of Barcy, at two leagues from Meaux.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

ANOTHER capital of a

rebei State occupied by the American forces, leaving only that of Texas west of the Missispip to float the flag of secession. Little Rock, for a time called by a Greek title. Akropolis, and Latinized by its last bishop under the name of Petricals, lies on the south bank of the Arkansas river, about 300 miles from the mouth, and about 1,066 miles from Washington. It is situated on a rocky promontory, or bluff, which is remarkable as the first met on ascending the river, although the name is derived from a smaller slaterock below. The State-House is a fine brick edifice; and the city contains also a United States Arsenal, held by Gen. Totten when the war began, but recently used as a machine shop; the State Penitentiary and six Churches, adorning its wide and well shaded streets. Our Artist sends a sketch of Little Rock, viewed from the north bank of the river two miles below the city. On the opposite bank is the encampment of the 21 Carolina brigade, which, on the 10th of september, led by their invincible commander, Col. John M. Ghover of Mo., drove, step by step, more than ten times their number of robels from the thick woods just behind their present position. Gen. Steel's infantry division advancing up the north bank found the forts (Nos. 1, 2 and 3) and other earthworks evacated. Gen. Price, having anticipated or discovered the crossing of the cavalry below, had withdrawn his whole force across the river in order to overwhelm the little band of brave men, who could not retreat and recross the river without great loss; but though his first assault upon the advance was partially successful and two pieces of artillery fell into his hands, ere night closed the seene his butternut crew was completely routed, and the ensign of Arkansas.

THE WAR IN LOUIS-IANA-



LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, NOW OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS .- FROM A SKEICH BY ALBERT AVERS, SRD MISSOURI CAVALRY.

THE BROOK.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

A WAIF of the dews and the showers, At the mountain's sweet breast nursed, Looked over the ledges shily, A scared wild thing at first.

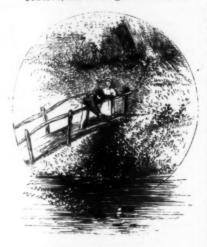
Below the enamored valley Beckoned and waiting stood, Till the brook's feet, silver sandaled, Stole down to the maple wood.

Ah! little one of the mountain, The beeches, and sassafras, And even the sad pines, nodded, As you merrily tinkled past.

Lilies and slender grasses Hand in hand trooped with you, While the slow-footed ferns and mosses Rested, but followed you too.

Cooled by the upland breezes, Yet holding the slumberous glow of the south sun-slopes in your bosom, Child of the fire and the snow!

It was well, since the valley entreated, An Eden, to crown you its Eve, That accepting its sweet adulation, You love, and love's guerdon receive.



THE GNOME

GREEN MOUNTAINS.

A STORY OF THE GROTESQUE.

By J. Warren Newcomb, Jr.

FIFTEEN years ago there stood (and may stand still, for aught I know) a rough hostelry in a singularly wild and heavily wooded region upon the upper waters of the Deerfield river. The Deerfield rises in the heart of the Green Mountains, and, after many various fortunes of field direct force. after many various fortunes of field, forest, farm and meadow, finds its way into the Connecticut, in Massachusetts. Up in south-western Vermont there are two principal branches to the greater stream, and upon the western one of these—or near it-was located the little hotel I speak of.

At the time whereof I write there were few who came that way, saving occasional sportsmen, lured by the neighboring trout streams in the summer, or peripatetic vendors of "Yankee Notions."

or perpatetic vendors of "Yankee NORIONS."

This little hostelry was situated some five miles above the village of Reedsboro, on the river, and no doubt many a reader of Frank Leslie will remember bluff and hearty Tom Kennedy who kept it, with his jolly red face and his hearty, honest

People had not then discovered the Adirondack fishing regions; only a few went up to the tributaries of the St. Lawrence, and Lake George and the White Mountains were considered too tonnish for sport with the angle, as good old Isaak Walton termed it, what time he cast his line on the waters of the gently murmuring Dove. So a large number of our best New England sportsmen went up to

But the "knowing ones" always left the village behind and pushed on up to "Kennedy's tavern." It was situated in a valley—this brown and ancient hostelry—in a sort of basin among the hills. There was a broad, flat meadow before the house, through which flowed calmly the west branch of the Deerfield, several smaller trout brooks pouring their mite of water into its heavier flood.

On every hand rose great hills, their heavily timbered sides climbing up gradually skyward, pine above pine. In the rear of the house towered the mountains, sharp and steep, their sides cleft by many ravines, through which rushed down turn tuous torrents, all abounding in trout. Within two miles distance were two or three large ponds (they would call them lakes in England) all—at that time—full of fish, and all easy of access to the sportsman who should stop with Tom Kennedy. There was no wonder then that his house was patronised during the trouting season.

For the house itself, it was a brown, two storey building. For the accommodations, one generally washed at the pump outside, and ate with the family. What they had the guests had. If a sheep had been killed in the neighborhood, one could re-turn (from fishing) to his mutton, with the other inmates of the hotel. Otherwise it was generally



DR. JOHANNES VON EISENBERG.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 98.

fried salt pork and potatoes, with occasional apple pie, sweetened with molasses. Brown bread, too, and all with a hearty welcome that forbade all criticism of the fare.

I presume that some of my readers will remembe I presume that some of my reasure will forget the the place. Few who have been there will forget the fine fishing that could be had from the hotel down the west branch, through the narrow gorge in the mountains. They will remember the dark pools where the big trout lay, and the foaming cascades, through which the waters found escape as they struggled away from the close-embracing masses of rock.

They will remember, also, that for about two miles between the village of Reedsboro and the old Kennedy tavern, the rocks on either side of the stream are positively "crammed full" of garnets. Not a very precious stone to be sure, but there they lie, millions upon millions, bedded in the brown boulders that obstruct the stream here and there, and in the rocks that line its shores.

They will also recollect that, in a north-westerly direction from the tavern, comes down a brook, emptying into the larger stream, whose whole course is one continual fall and tumble through the dis-mallest and darkest of dark ravines. On either hand rise high rocks.

Gazing away upwards one discovers frewning crags, sinister and awful in their aspect. Listening, one hears only the roar of continual waterfalls. There is no brightness there, for there the sun never comes; there is nothing but the rush of waters, the rustle of dead leaves. Nothing but one thing-in all the pools there are trout, which are what the sportsman seeks.

As they emerged from its gloom into the light that makes cheerful the little plain where stands the old brown tavern, did it ever occur to then that perchance that dreary darkness covered some thing more than a simple stream, with certain trout in it? It never did to me—though I had fished in it often—till the last time I visited Kennedy's tavern. That was in 1850; thirteen years

I arrived there on a dismal afternoon in the latter part of May. The day had turned rainy, and the entire sky was heavy and gloomy with clouds that shut out the blue heavens and closed down with a gray dreariness over the little vale. There were lights in the windows of the bar-room, for though not yet nightfall by the clock, it was dark enough for almost any hour of the evening. The light shining out upon me had a cheerful effect. 1 already felt warmer and more comfortable, and

when Dwight Kennedy, Tom's younger brother, came out to take charge of my horse, and the open door showed a great fire of logs blazing on the hearth, it was equal to almost any medicine that could have been prescribed for a severe attack of

Indeed I was cold; what with the chill blast rushing through the valley and the drissling, penetra-ting rain that had fallen for hours.

Inside was jolly Tom. Red-faced, burly and hospitable, he stood buh...d his bar, serving out liquors of some sort to two or three of those odd loafers who always hang about far-away country taveras, and who live no one can tell where or how. There were three or four other men in the room, sitting around the fire, smoking clay pipes and gazing silently into the blaze.

Tom came forward and greeted me cordially.
There was a laugh and a hearty "God bless you"

in his person, from the top of his curly brown head to the soles of his cowhide boots. Even his buckskin waistcoat, with its pearl buttons, like slightly reduced dinner-plates, smiled upon me and made me welcome.

made me welcome.

"Glad to see you, again, sir," Tom said. "Glad to see you, again, sir," said old Tom's portly person. "It's a year since you was here last," said Tom, "and I'm glad it's no longer;" and again all Tom's personnel cordially joined in the state-

Such a welcome, such a bright warm fire, such a relief from the storm outside, operated like a charm.

I was no longer cold and dismal. I dried myself before the fire while my room was being prepared, and, quite comfortable and cheerful, I retired very early to my pillow. Outside all was black and early to my pinow. Some smouldering fires, where great brush heaps were being burned on a far-away hillside, only made everything about them more dreary by their dull, red light.

When I arose in the morning it still rained; a

cold, unpleasant rain.

"No trouting for a week," said Tom. "The snow ain't all gone in the hills, and this everlasting rain 'il have ris all the brooks. It's rained up here most a week."

Not so pleasant this! No trouting in a week, and I only up here for the purpose of trouting. Oh, Tom! Tom! your jolly face was more of a blessing last night than it is this morning. What



Awful Appearance of the Gnome,

Tom didn't know. Neither did I, so I filled and lighted my meerschaum (meerschaums are a hum-bug, but they hadn't invented brierwood then) and sat down to smoke. Sat down and smoked and chatted with Tom.

Presently I asked him why he always had ham and eggs (and nothing else) for breakfast. He didn't know. I didn't either. That question and answer having used up my conversational powers for the time, I fell into rather a blue study.

Speaking of ham and eggs," said Tom, after a e, "do you remember that there Cabot who was time.

I said I didn't.

"Guess he come after you left," said Tom.
"He was a quer fellow, sartin."
"How so?" I asked.

"One thing—he never paid me," said Tom.
"No so different from a good many other men,"

suggested. "And then," continued Tom, not noticing my interfuption, "he was sort of crasy, or something. He went off one morning a fishing up that north brook, and he never came back till the next noon. "he was sort of crazy, or someth We was getting terribly scart, and Dwight was just a going to start out and try to find him, when in he , the strangest sight you ever see. He had lost his hat somewheres, and he hadn't no rod nor no fish basket; his face was as white as a sheet. and he trembled and shook like he had the ager. I never see such a sight! He had grown ten years older, by looks, than he was when he went out the day before, and there was wrinkles in his face that never was there till now. He didn't say nothing to nobody, only he said to me, 'Mr. Kennedy' (for he always called me 'Mr.'), he said to me, 'give me some brandy.' I gave it to him, and he drank most a tumbierfuil. Then he crept shivering and shaking up to the fire (for I always keep the barroom fire agoing here away into June), and sat down, and tried to warm himself, and the more he tried the more he couldn't, but kept a shivering and shaking. By and bye he took another glass of brandy, and then he said he'd have some ham and eggs, of which he had always been powerful fond. So I had some cooked for him. Then he took



The Gobin King introduces his Daughter to Cabot.

ome more brandy. Then he went up-stairs, and he stayed up-stairs three days, eating ham and eggs and drinking brandy the most part of the time. Then, on the fourth day, he came down, and 'Mr. Kennedy, I'm a going away today. You've kept me well, and I presume Dwight has taken good care of my team. I've left some papers up in my room that I want you to keep till Please have Dwight harness up horse.' So Dwight done it. Then he put his valise in the buggy, said 'good-day,' and drove off.. And it wasn't. said Tom, leaning back in his chair and gazing at me with amazement staring out of his henest blue eyes and creeping down over his broad face; "it wasn't till the next day that I remembered he hadn't paid his bill! But then I expected him I swan to man I was never so took in, in

"But why do you think he was crazy?" said I.

"Oh, them papers he left," said Tom. "I can't make head nor tail of 'em. All about meeting a goblin up there on that there north brook. Dwight

nor I won't fish there sence we read them papers!"

Now this "north brook" was the stream of which I have spoken as rushing tumultuously down through the narrow and gloomy glen in the mountains. I felt interested.

"May I see the papers?" said I.

"Sartin," said Tom, and he went to a private drawer he had behind the bar and produced a roll of manuscript.

I amused myself for several hours deciphering them. The hand was bold and sharp, somewhat like a lawyer's; hard to read, like that of most attorneys. The style, though not elegant, was terse and strong. The subject matter was of so wild and unnatural a nature that no lawyer who hadn't been "retained" by the Old Nick himself could have written it in his sober senses.

Employing the third person instead of the first (in which it was written), and cutting out much irrelevant matter, I here give

THE STRANGER'S SIGRY.

One Mr. Cabot, a gentleman of leisure and means, much given to enjoying the innocent pleasures of life and particularly fond of angling, made a little trip up to the head waters of the Deerfield in the spring of 1849. (It is well to be particular about dates in relating adventures that, without some substantial evidence, might be considered too re markable for belief.) He drove his own horse and buggy, and carried with him all the appliances needed by the most fastidious of sportsmen.

After nearly a week of excellent sport on the larger streams in the vicinity of his stopping-place, he determined, one evening, to try the next day a mountain torrent, known in the vicinity as the North Brook, which, he was assured, was alive with trout, which, though of a small size, rarely reaching a quarter of a pound in weight, were generally remarkable for their greediness, and would take the hook, in all the little rocky basias, nearly as fast as he would care to pull them out. Hitherto he had used the fly in fishing; for this stream he must take worms for bait, and use a short line, the over-hanging brush forbidding any other mode of ang-

So he made all his preparations over night, and

started out bright and early for his day's tramp.

He found his anticipations more than realised. The brook fairly swarmed with trout, and before noon his basket was overflowing. He had never had such sport. Nearly every cast brought its trophy. The day was fine, the air clear and bracing, and when he sat down to take a lunch, to which exercise and fine spirits had given an extra sauce, he felt himself the happiest man in the world. After lunch he emptled his basket upon the ground beside him, wrapped its treasure of trout in cool, green moss, plucked on the borders of the rushing and brawling little stream, and prepared to continu-his upward ascent of the gorge.

ret he gazed about him for a moment. Hitherto, busy with his pleasure, he had only noticed that the glen he traversed hardly permitted passage for the leaping waters, and that in many places he could only pass up the brook by wading o ing from rock to rock. Now he regarded the aspect

of the spot more curiously.

On either hand arose, almost perpendicu larly, walls of rock, reaching so high that the tallest trees that grew about their bases were overtopped by the massive cliffs above. Finding root in crevices of the crags and gathering such slight nourishment as they might, some stunted pines, oaks and hemlocks here and there leaned out from the hard bosom of the stone. Towards the far top, where occasional shelves gave broader support, larger growth of wood was rooted, and above all, from either side, there bent over the ravine giant trees, whose branches met and mingled d, casting perpetual shadow on the bottom

There was a vista only for little distance up or down, for the stream turned angularly in its course, now this way, now that. Only occasional small patches of sky could be seen. What there was of it looked very remote and unfriendly. The air in this almost underground location was chill and There were no sounds save the continual babbling roar of the stream. No birds sang among the heavy, drooping branches of the trees; or if there did the noise of the water drowned their No life was visible save that of vegetation, no motion but the motion of the darkly leaping brook. The chirp of the squirrel or the stir of some small lizard or other creature, the growth of forests, among the dead leaves, would have been a relief to the dreary and terrible monotony of the scene. But there was none. If the water danced and sparkled here and there as it came rushing down, the dance was a heartless and mechanical one, and there was no laughter to accompany the

sparkle.

The whole spirit of the place was dismal and unwholesome, without one bright or cheerful feature. And as he glanced up the glen, in the direction he intended still to go, it seemed to him that the gloom lhanging over the ravine grew deeper and more un-

Still, being a merry and a stout-hearted fellow fond of fishing, and not apt to be deterred by trifles, he no more thought of turning back because he found himself in a somewhat dismal gorge in the hills than he would have thought of not starting out in the morning if the day had been cloudy Only the failure of his bait or the loss of his last hook could turn him back now.

So, having packed away his morning's fish in a cold nook in the rocks, and pulled the last puff at his after-dinner cigar, he merrily arranged his tackle and started on up the stream.

As he rose to go a large brown owl, the first warm-blooded creature he had seen in the glen that day, was started from its noontime nap, and flapped swiftly and silently away. There was no sound of wirgs in its stealthy and noiseless flight. Only the unclean birds of night, the obscene prowlers after dark, found this place to their liking. But what

Such sport as he had was never known before. By three o'clock his baske: was full again, and he made another "cache," as they say in the western country when they bury provisions for future use, and still pushed on. Bite? The trout leaped and flew at his hook! Scarcely could it touch the water before a shining, rushing beauty snapped and gorged it. And, strangest thing of all, as he got higher up the glen and the brook became smaller, the dimensions of the trout increased. A quarter pound fish, they had told him, was large for that stream; and yet, in pools where he cast his line, he caught many and many a one weighing a half

At half-past four he emptied his basket again This was becoming embarrassing, for how should he take down to his inn, as trophies, all this weight of trout he was leaving behind him? He must

have caught forty pounds already!
What did he care? He was "in for it." His bait still held out; there was yet daylight to enable him to throw his line; the trout still bit.

But at last-he hardly realised the fact till he found it difficult to see to bait his hook-at last he concluded to look at his watch once more. For the fourth time there was not space for another fish in his basket, and it occurred to him to turn about. But when he thought to do so he found it nearly seven o'clock, with the sun, at the best, but a short distance shove the horizon. He had come, at the least, seven or eight miles from the tavern. By daylight the passage of the glen was difficult if no daying to the passage of the gold be actually impossi-Then he must stay where he was. matter; he had camped out many a night, and had on a pinch slept in the open air. The night was growing cold, and he had neither blanket nor overcoat; but he had a strong constitution, and a frame in which every drop of blood ran red and warm Therefore he was little troubled at the prospect.

He cast about him for a spot on which to make his bed. He saw that the ravine which he had so persistently followed widened where he stood, spreading out into a small basin or circular hollow among the hills, through which the brook flowed ore peacefully than had been its habit hitherto There was even an attempt at turf, and the few trees scattered here and there were a more civilised aspect. The mountains frowned as majestically as before, but they had fallen back a little and given more space to the view. The chill draft that had ed continually down the narrow ravine was not felt here, and there was quite a large patch of blue

Lacking about him, he discovered a dry and level spot under the lee of a large boulder, beside which, tting off what night airs might be stirring from the north, grew a cluster of small hemlocks Gathering a quantity of their fragrant and soft boughs, he spread a dainty bed beside the rock. e collected a supply of resinous dead wood for a fire, finished his lunch, some remnants of which were still beside him, and lighted a tranquillising cigar. As dusk fairly overspread the place he led his fire, and, weary but content, lay down as it grew very dark and composed himself to

He had slept a quiet sleep, in which dreams of home made the night pleasant, for some hours, when he was suddenly awakened by an oppressive nightmare feeling that some evil and unnatural thing was close beside him, closely regarding him. He started up, broad awake, and looked anxie

Though he knew it was dead night, he found, t his amasement, that the whole scene was lighted with a brightness different from that of the sun, but clear and distinct as the day. Gazing hurriedly here and there, his glance fell upon the boulder by

which he had slept On its summit, not four feet above him, was perched the most extraordinary creature his eyes had ever beheld. It was a small, bandy-legged, slightly deformed figure, wearing a doublet leather, tights of flame-color, pointed red shoes, a peaked felt hat, in which was stuck a red cock's feather. Over all was flung a cloak of some thick woollen stuff. There, in fact-strange scene for such a character-sat, cross-legged, and regarding him with a diabolically humorous, a funnily malig nant grin, a dwarfed and humpbacked Dutchman

Cabot knew it was a Dutchman by a remark it made. The figure said:

" Sprechen sie Deusch ?"

"No, I don't," said Cabot. "Also, no I don't, sometimes, too," said the

figure. "What language are you speaking now?" said Cabot.

"I speak now zie English language," said the

"Oh! you are speaking English, are you?" said

"Yes, rie English," said the figure. "I speak

him good like sie native," and the figure nodded | and grinned complacently.
"Well, drive on," said Cabot.

"How you say drive on?" said the figure 'How I drive on when I have not zie horses, eh? "Well, go ahead! if you like that better

tinue your remarks. Speak English till you are hoarse, I'm willing." The figure drew its queer little legs further up

under it, and indulged in a prolonged and mos

disagreeable chuckle.

"You are willing!" it said. "That is, to be
"You are willing!" I had feared to sure, much better as I had hoped. I had feared to myself that perchance you had not been willing. That is very good. You are willing! Good like anything! I am here for you! You have met me anything! I am here well! I am content!"

"Here for me!" said Cabot to himself. "The devil! This grows serious. Here for me! I be-lieve I am getting nervous. Am I awake, or is this some horrible dream, brought on by sleeping in a horrid hole in the mountains, without a blanket?

And he got on his feet and stamped on the hard ground. Awake beyond a doubt.

Meanwhile the figure on the rock was convulsed with another unpleasantly cheerful chuckle, which out presently into a harsh and cackling

Gasing at the creature as it swayed to and fro, its features distorted by a sneering grin, and all its inhuman mirth poured out upon the amazed angler, Cabot felt the sense of the ridiculous in the shape before him overcoming his rising fear. He began to feel proveked and angry, too, at the insolence of his strange visitor, and crushing down his hat—he had a vague sensation about the roots of his hair. as though it was rising, waving and crawling on his head-he turned resolutely towards the intruder.

"Are you 'a goblin damped?" said he. "Or are you not? What the dickens are you?

The figure nodded its head very rapidly many

times, and then shook it as vehemently "'Goblin,' as you call it, yes!" said the figure;
but 'damn,' no! I am of sie earth-spirit, sie guardian of treasure in zie Black Forest in zie Many German mortal emigrate from zie Old World. Also I emigrate, too. America I find very nice place. Zie treasure lie plenty in sie mountain. I like that. I guard him not alone. I send for all mine friends. Zey come. You wait a little till sie hour come and I will show to you. You shall see. Here I am king!"

Cabot was getting uneasy again. Things didn't look propitious. He wanted to go home. Still he was the last man to run away from a humpbacked German goblin. So he conquered once more his increasing fear, and again addressed the goblin

When the hour comes!" he said. "When the hour comes!" ne said.
shall you tell the proper time to show all this?"

"Zie clock will strike zie hour," said the goblin.

"Clock !" said Cabot, looking about him. insane little devil, there is no clock here.'

"You will hear zie clock," said the goblin, and again it grinned horribly a ghastly smile nodded so vigorously and rapidly that Cabot began to hope that it would break its neck in the operation. But it didn't. Presently stopping, it repeated: 'You will hear zie clock!'

"You grow tedious, you infatuated and crazy hobgob!in!' Cabot cried; "change the subject of your conversation, can't you?"

Again the goblin beamed upon him with a hideous n, and again it said: "You will hear zie clock."
Clock be —," said Cabet. "This grows wearisome. It is as unpleasantly tedious as a volume of printed sermons or the report of a Congressional Committee! Be kind enough to subside for the present, if you please.'

The goblin nodded good-humoredly, and changed its position by taking the right leg out from under the left and carefully placing it on top. Then it subsided into a state of patient waitfulness

"It is too bad after all," said Cabot to himself, as he proceeded to light a cigar, "to treat the gentleman so, if he is a Dutchman and a goblin."

"Here, old fellow," he said, offering his cigar case, "have a smoke?"

"Havana?" said the goblin.
"Certainly," replied Cabot with dignity; "you don't suppose I would carry anything else, do

"Thanks," said the goblin, taking a cigar.

Cabot took up his flask and shook it. Yes, it
vas still half full.

"Take a drink," he said.
"After you," said the goblin politely.

"Well, under all the circumstances, my sulphu-rous friend, perhaps it would be the better plan," said Cabot.

So he took a good pull at the brandy, and the goblin followed suit.

Oh, you Americans," the goblin said, " poison and eat up sie stomach with fiery brandy or what not. Behold with us, we drink sie wein, sie strong. Ah! I will show to you.

Then the goblin suddenly slid from the rock and appeared before the astonished Cabot in a white apron and minus the hat and cloak, which it had previously deposited with care on the grass. In either hand it bore a glass of beer.

"Zwei lager!" it cried, "you drinks mit me,

though, pro tem, I am sie kelner!" "Oh, certainly," said Cabot, "with pleasure," and he swallowed the innocuous and somewhat in-

As he set down his glass he heard, coming apparently from the bowels of the earth far below where he stood, a delicate but clear chime as of a silver bell. It was very faint, as coming from a far distance, but as distinct as the sound that fills the air when the ponderous hammer strikes the re-sounding side of the bell by the City Hell in New

The goblin had resumed its hat and cloak, and stood beside him while the silver ringing county out twelve strokes.

Then what an awesome shock!

The great boulder beside which he had slept was yards across the stream. The ground thrown may yards across the stream. The ground the tall trembled at the shock of its falling, and in the place where it had stood there opened a yawnig mouth or entrance-way, through which one could be a present of the stream. see for lesgues and lesgues under the rest rargs of the Green Mountains. Distance was annihilate in this stupendous cavern, and the laws of perspective unterly ignored; for miles and miles away on beheld object; the most minute with a distinction which utterly confounded all Cabot's preconceived notions of things. Unlike the Chinese drawing where the absence of perspective makes everythin flat and unreal, this strange cavern conveyed and sense of its immense depth and size, and one could follow its lines far away into the background.

It was flooded with a golden light, mellowing all the objects it contained. From the roof far above hung numerous grotesquely outlined stalactites their sides sparkling with jewels of every descrip tion. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds were in fanci'ul devices. Here serpents coiled and gii. tered, their scales formed of mosaic work of the most elaborate description, and there tastefully u. ranged bouquets, in which were grouped the most gorgeous flowers known to the botanist, outshout the natural beauty they conversion. natural beauty they counterfeited. Gleaning pillars, seeming almost alive as the light glancel from their sides, rose from floor to roof, and the far-extending walls of the mighty cave shone everywhere with new combinations of color.

Through the cavern flowed numerous streams a of molten gold, and fountains played whose flahor moten gold, and rountains prayed whose nam-ing water fell in sprays of silver, a mist, fine and white as diamond dust, floating about them.

No less singular and grotesque were the inhabitants of this strange abode, for Cabot saw that it swarmed with a race of pignies, males, finder and little ones, all wearing the general characteristics of the strange being who had introduced him to their home. The occupation of these little falls was various, but all were engaged. Some toiled at forges, heating bars of gold and beating thm into various implements of agriculture, of the char or of war, upon golden anvils, keeping time with their golden hammers and sleeges to quaint meledies they sang. Others melted the ore and cast it into rough shapes of goblets, plates and cups, which yet others chased and engraved with the nicest care. Some cut and polished precious stones, which their companions afterwards set in the elaborate and still unfinished work upon the walls, the roof, and the pillars. Many of the boys, climbing with wonderful agility up ropes of twisted gold wire, clung with hazardous tenacity to the stalactites, where they placed eyes in the heads of the serpents, or added petals to the undeveloped flowers.

In many parts of the cavern where the walls were still rough and rude in their aspict, miners were at work hewing out blocks of gold and great bars of silver, which were transported to the refining shops in golden wheelbarrows.

The females, many of whom had fine, straight shapes, and were beautiful to look upon, spun golden threads or wove them into tapestry of rare design. Some who were "cunning in needlework embroidered at great frames, or worked rare devices in small articles of female taste and use. Even the little ones, "making pies" in the golden mud, en-deavored to imitate in their productions the beautiful objects of art about them. Others, more inclined to sport than work, caught gold fish in the streams that danced through the cavern.

Everywhere were gold and gems, save in the dresses worn by the goblins, which were composed of stuffs from the upper world. As for the creatures themselves, they seemed to be of the same fiesh and blood as Cabot himself.

"See you how they work, my people?" said the gnome; "how they hammer, how they sing, how they enjoy zie toil? Now I will show to you their play.

The goblin elapped its hands, and instantly all the little people laid aside their implements. The blacksmiths threw down their hammers, the artifcers removed their paper caps and dropped their tools; the looms were stopped, the pickaxes left in the wall, and a general buzz of pleasure passed like a mighty sigh through the place.

Then Cabot saw what he had not noticed before, numerous beer gardens, to which the little folks betook themselves right speedily, and where they drank what seemed to be real lager from vessels of clear crystal; also, they consumed bread containing carraway seeds, and ats of more or less strange dishes, one of whose principal ingredients appeared to be oil. They chattered and gesticulated freely so many speaking at once that it seemed imposs ble to him that they could understand each other. They were generally in families, and even the livtlest wee ones were given sips of the lager and large mouthfuls of cabbage. A few, however, evidently bachelors, who scorned the society of femi at tables apart and apparently discussed knotly points in theology or phi'osophy. Some of these wore glasses and presented a venerable appearance, and at these tables there was more noise, and the beards wagged over greater quantities of beer than at any of the others.

But all were full of life and good-nature. They laughed, they chatted; they made love in the most palpable and barefaced manner. Some of the ounger ones played rough games, and chased each other, shouting about the place. Altogether, Cabst acknowledged to himself that this new class of German emigrants seemed to enjoy themselves in their underground home as well as any set of per-

ple he had ever fallen in with.
"What you think, eh?" said the goblin-"It is very curious, cla fellow, very curious, 868.

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rious,

"Yes, I know, 'curious' to be sure," said the gnome. "Good, too, very good."
"Perhaps so," said Cabot, "but don't you ever get tired of staying down there?"
"You will try! You shall know! I shall intro-

get tired of staying down there?"
"You will try! You shall know! I shall introduce you down there! How shall you get tired when you have nothing to tire you, sh?"
"I shall try it!" enied Cabot, stepping back in alarm. "I shall try it! I think not my friend!

alarm. "I shall try it! I think not my friend. hour proposition is a very friendly one, no doubt, and detated by emotions that do credit alike to your head and heart." (Here the gaome put on one of his most fascinating grins, placed his hand upon his heart, and made a low bow.) "Do credit alike to your head and heart," continued Cabot, its more aditated as he proceeded. "but I have to go the continued Cabot, its more aditated as he proceeded." but I have to go the continued Cabot, growing more agitated as he proceeded; "but I must say that, in fact, I don't see the matter in

that light!"

"Zie light is very good," said the gnome, gasing gravely into the cavern, and evidently supposing the was removing a serious objection to his proposal. "Zie light is very good, and will not in zie least in ure zie sight."

"Yes, I dare say," sail Cabot, "but I—ah—I really think I must bid you good-evening. Excuse the seeming rudeness of so sudden a departure, but the fact is that I have just received a letter from second Chinese correspondent, which requires

the fact is that I have just received a letter it in my-my Chinese correspondent, which requires my immediate attention. I had—really the matrice had quite escaped me—but it is necessary I should be in Canton in a fortnight at furthest, and as it usually takes some months to get there, I think I had better leave Vermont to-night. In fact

think I had better leave vermont co-ingular in fact I—ah—that is, good-evening."

"Wait one little moment," said the gnome. "I say to you on my solemn bonor that I have not in me sie power to bring by force any mortal into my kingdom. I shall not oblige to come till you wish. Also, to be sure, I do not desire to!" And the gob-

lin nodded vehemently for several minutes.

Cabot's heart felt lighter. "Then I needn't go down there unless I wish to?"

down there unices I wish to?"
"Nein!" said the gnome, shaking his head in
the most emphatic manner. "Nein, never!"
"Ah!" said Cabot, with a sigh of relief, "then
I think I will stay where I am fir the present."
"Ard sie Canton Chinose correspondent?" said

the giblin, with a mallolous grin.
"It is rather dark down this confounded glen,"
said Cabot, "and I guess that business will keep

said Cabot, "and I guess that business will keep till morning. Never mind him. Here take a drink, there is some in the flask yet, and let China go—What do you want me down there for?"

"Listen," said the gnome; "Zie Earth Spirit shall have zie power every hundred year to take a mortal—if zie mortal will—into zie kingdom. See, zie Earth Spirit never can die! Why not? He has no soul! He may talk—ah, to be sure. For his life is different as zie mortal. When zie mortal die, what is it dies? Zie body. Why? Zie body has no life in zie mortal. Zie life of zie mortal zie soul. Does ever the soul die? Never. It live zie soul. Does ever the soul die? Never. It live always, for ever. Only zie carease that has wearied zie soul a few short years drops to death and lets zie soul go free. What then for zie soul? Go ask

"But we; our life is zie body. It never grows older than you see me now. It cannot die. Why cannot it, or what is zie life it has I cannot tell to you, for I know not. Can you tell to me why your soul cannot die, or what is sie life of it? Ah, no! soul cannot cle, of what is sie life of it? Ah, no: Who can? No one! So with our life, you see. I can say no m re of that. But listen. Is it not better always to be merry and free from care that perplexes zie soul? Is it not better to fear never punishment nor future wrath? Look in zie cavern."

Loud shouts of laughter were ringing through the cave, caused by a merry and lovely group of your females who had surrounded the table where a party of peculiarly lequacious bachelors were in the midst of a violent and noisy philosophical discussion, and blindfolding with their white hands the eyes of the furious sages, they now declared that not one should go free or learn the name of his tormet tor till all would agree to be more sociable and join the ladies. One stoutly held out till a merry-loking matron thrust quite a fat and viga merry-looking matron thrust quite a fat and vigorous baby-guome into his lap and declared that should stay three till he gave in, which he wisely did, and then the entire party sat down comfortably together.

It was a very pretty scene, as Cabot frankly told

It was a very preity scene, as Cabot frankly told the goblin king.

"You see," continued the letter, "how they enjoy, how they labor among only beautiful things; how they labor among only beautiful things; how they love, how happy they are."

"As I have told to you, once in a hundred year zie Earth Spirit may take to zie kingdom a mortal. This night is mine. Why do I seek you, you would ask? I like zie American country so well, I want one Yankee, one what you say 'smart' Yankee. Why do I want him? It is my fancy to want him. I like you well, yes, very good. You were but little afrai!. Ah! many have I taken; never one who was so little shaken when he met me; when I show him zie treasure, when I say to him, 'I want show him sie treasure, when I say to him, 'I want you.' Nein! Nein! Never!

buy you all and more as you can ever need on earth. Ah! what can you not buy with them. Look in sie cave again "

A miserly-appearing gnome was fleeing over the A unserty-appearing gnome was needed over the fact, pursued by the same party of beautiful girls who had recently broken up the discussion of the back-lors. Over his shoulders he carried a great has falled to housely of the stell caught him, pulled hag filled to bursting. The girls caught him, pulled the bag from him and loosened the strings, when there came pouring forth a flashing stream of diamonds, large and small; there were thousands of

Cabot fe't tingling within him the opening yearnings of a fierce desire hr untold wealth. rushed through his excited brain visions of the pur-chase of an immense estate in New York, including the better part of the Pifth avenue and its sur-locadings. He contemplated tearing away all the

brown-stone-fronted palaces and erecting a sumpbrown-stone-fronted palaces and erecting a sump-tuous town house in the centre of his property. Visions of lawns, of fountains, of stables, all in the midst of the city, flashed through his brain. For country pisces there were Newport, Saratoga, Mount Washington; he would buy them all. Then with the easy access to all parts of the world his great fleet of steamers should give him, he could make a few year! I weekpasse should give him, he could make a few small purchases abroad, Baden-Baden, prrhaps, for his club friends to gamble at, to atone for which he would oust the monks and establish a private chapel and hospitable inn on St. Bernard!

private chapel and hospitable inn on St. Bernard! He was lost for a moment in the mases of his stupendous dream of wealth and power.

"Listen," continued the gnome. "For twenty years—it will bring you rear to sixty, and more as sixty no mortal should desire life to stay in his mortal bedy—for twenty years—you have it all, then you come to me-here—I shall bind you fast for that if you say to me 'Yes' to-night—you come to me here and say, 'I am ready!' What then? Your soul is gone! You have zie small live body; zie light and happy heart. Think of it! What say you?"

His scul would be gone! The vision of wealth was fading and dying away, it was gone entirely when there came into his mind certain words hardly thought of since childhood: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own

He felt angry at himself for daring to think of such a barter of his spiritual immortality; and, such a barter of his spiritual immercancy, and, looking up defiantly at the goblin, he said, almost rudely, "I shall say 'No' to your offer!"

The gnome's face darkened malignantly. He was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"One more trial, 'its cleart."

He turned towards the cavern and clapped his hands twice, when there came bounding forth the most lovely little creature mortal eyes ever beheld. To attempt a description is useless. She stood little over three feet in height; if the reader can imagine all the various charms of all the beautiful women he has ever seen crowded into one small

body, he may appreciate her excessive loveliness.

Taking this vision of beauty by the hand, the goblin gravely advanced towards Cabot.

"Tais is mine feaulein," it said.

The maiden bent her head gracefully to-wards Cabot, and then turned her gaze modestly but fully upon him, while a sweet smile dimpled her cheek, danced in her eyes and made a rosier rosebud of her mouth.

"If you come to us," said the gnome, "this, my daughter, shall be your wife; you will be zie prince of zie kingdom. What say you?"

Cabot began to feel that he was lost. The more he gazed at the lovely goblin, the more he thought

that, after all, the generous propositions of his friend with the hump were not to be readily slighted.

signted.

His fears had passed away in the presence of this fairy charmer, and some of the old spirit of bravado and "fun" had returned.

"It wouldn't be a bad match," he thought within himself, "if she were only a little larger. I wonder if she is real flesh and blood." Then the state of t I wonder if she is real fiesh and 5100d." Then turning to the gnome, he said, "Sir, I hiss your daughter's hand!" and proceeded to perform the little ceremony, in very fact.

It was a white, warm, soft hand, and lay in his,

as he held it a moment, with a gentle and tender thrill that seemed to say it liked to be there. He

As Cabot performed this daring piece of gallantry the blood rushed hot up the neek and cheeks of the little creature, and her father made half a step forward and uttered half a German oath, but he was too late to prevent the deed; and

"It is for me," he said gravely, "the first time to behold a mortal touch the hand of mine fraulein. You must content yourself to wait till such time when you come here. Beware that you not offend again!"

And there was where the gnome made a grand mistake. Cabot was very proud as seli as plucky; mistake. Cabot was very proud as well as puncky; he usually had his own way about everything, and he never allowed himself to be spoken to in an overbearing or commanding tone. Therefore, when the goblin delivered the little speech above it roused up in him all the "davil" that more or less inbabited his soul.

(Whise did you remark?" he inquired in the

"What did you remark?" he inquired in the blandest tones.

blandest tones.

"Beware that you touch not again sie hand of sie princess!" said the goblin, throwing his cloak majestically from his right shoulder over his left, folding his arms, and advancing one bandy leg.

Whereupon Cabot actually picked up the little seauty, and kissed her three times! Then he set

her down. She seemed rather to enjoy it.

Not so her father, the goblin king. His sallow face turned fairly purple in his wrath. He danced; he shricked; he swore complicated German oaths; he tore his hair, and pulled out his board by the

"This grows interesting," said Cabot to himself. "See what I shall offer to you of xie treasure, oh, many millions! I have here diamonds will How agile, though. How he leaps and throws himself. Great acquisition to the Ravels, he himself. Great acquisition to the Ravels, he would be! And wouldn't Barnum give him a big sum for three months' engagement! I fancy the advertisement: 'The only living Gobiin ever tured in this country : a lineal descendant of King Gambrious, who invented Lager Bier!" That's what Barnum would do. He would mix in the mortal king to give more e-lat to his captured gnome. Hellow! What is coming now, I won-

> The gnome stood before him, its arms folded, its whole person swelled and magnified by majestic wrath. The princess had disappeared. view was the angry person of her insulted fath who proceeded to pour upon the devoted head of Cabot a stream of swiftly uttered German stive that almost took away his breath, so fierce was it.

And the goblin turned away towards the en-

And the goblin turned away towards the entrance to the cavern.

"Now this is too bad!" said Cabot to himself.

"The old fellow has been very courteous till be thought I insulted him. Tis true I kissed this old gnome's daughter; but I meant no harm by it, and I will tell him so. Get him goodnatured, if I can. I should like a small number of those disconders, buyled or several good large wages. diamonds—a bushel or so—or a good large wagon load of gold. I wonder if I couldn't make a bar-gain of some sort with him?"

Acting on this idea, Cabut sprang up and seized hold of the goblio's cloak.

"Wait a little," he said. "I meant no harm when I kissed your beautiful daughter, upon my word. I was only a little provoked at the style of your remarks after I had innocently hissed her hand. Don't set in a new in. You and I may hand. Don't get in a passion. You and I may make some arrangement yet. Remember, it's your last chance for a mortal in a hundred years!

The face of the gnome brightened.

"Yeu apologise?" it said.

"Most certainly, said Cabot; "come, sit down.
Here is still a little brandy left. Take a good drink and make peace with me."

The goblin looked pleased. All traces of evil passion vanished from its face. Seated beside Cabot, it drained the flask to its last drop, and set it down with a sigh of pleasure. Then it said: "I forgive you!"

"That's very kind," said Cabot. "Now listen. You are much in want of a likely young man, who may take certain large amounts of wealth from your treasury, and must come back again, to give himself up at the end of twenty years?"

The gnome nodd:d approvingly.

"Now, supposing you and I should make an arrangement," said Cabot, "and I should bind myself to furnish an able-bodied substitute at the

appointed time?"
"Oh, no!" said the goblin. "You take zie

"Oh! I do, do I?" said Cabot; "then I hardly think I sha'l take the treasure. Yes! Exactly! But—I say: If I should take up with your liberal offer, you couldn't add about two feet to the stature of that very lovely dughter of yours, and let me marry her, above ground, according to the forms of the church, and keep her there, till we should come

back again, together, could you?"
"Oh, nein, nein, nein," said the gnome.
"I don't think we can trade," said Cabot.
The goblin sat in serious thought for some time,

at length it said suddenly :

at length it said suddenly:
"Do you play anything?"
"Nothing," said Cabot, "not even the plaintive
Jew's harp. Once, indeed," he added musingly,
"I played on a bass drum—played bluff with the
bass drummer; and I won all his money and
his musical instrument!"

The eyes of the gnome brightened. "I too play this game; this 'bluff,' I learn him, for I like to be as sie 'smart' Yankees. Yes, yes!

for I like to be as sie 'smart' Yankecs. Yes, yes! I play him well; very good! I play you. Yes. You shall play zie buff with me. One deal we shall play. I shall stake my daughter, my treasure, my everything; you shall stake your soul!"

"Where are your cards!" said Cabot.

The goblin drew a pack from his pocket.

Cabot mused. "I can beat this Dutchman, if I can get the deal," he thought. "Oh, I have played too much to be beaten by a humpbacked foreigner. It is an awful risk, if I miss the deal. But I needn't miss it. I can cut a pack with any one—and all the gold!"

"Let me see the cards," he said.

The goblin handed him the pack. It was new; had evicently never been used. It resembled an English or American pack, except that the kings were more or less humpbacked, and the knaves

were more or less humpbacked, and the knaves all wore a rather diabolical expression. The court cards were no more ridiculous in their aspect than our own, however.

"I will play," he said.
They cut for deal, and Cabot won!

'Shall we play the full pack or 'twenty-deck'
poker?' he inquired.
"As you please," said the gcblin.
It pleased Cabot to play "twenty-deck."
He shuffled and dealt the cards very carefully.

He held four aces!

Just as he was about to s':ow his hand, and while the smile of exultation he could not control

was rippling over his face, he was astonished to hear the following remarkable words:

"You have lost!" the goblin said. Lost?" cried Cabot, showing his four aces.

"Yes, lost!" replied the goblin, displaying his

He held five Jacks!

e gray light of the dawn was just creep the eastern sky, and that feggy and damp caill which precedes the break of day during the summer months in our northern States was settling down into the little valley. It seized hold of the very marrow of poor Cabot's bones, and caused him to shake, as with an ague fit.

He leaned forward with gasping breath and starting eyeballs, and gazed at the cards before him.

Five Jacks, no doubt!

Again the goblin cried, with a shrill chuckle: You have lost!" All the good humor in its face had vanished;

only malignity and scorn remained. As the gnome cried the second time exultantly, You have lost!" there rushed forth from

the cavern a hideous troop of goblins, male and female, who, with shrill cries and hor-rible contortions, formed in thick cluster

Cabot lighted a cigar and seated himself on the fallen trunk of an ancient pine. "I wonder if I ought to kick him?" he said to himself.

"Zie Earth Spirit have no power over the free mortal," finally said the gnome, returning again to the English tongue, "but you have insulted a powerful and vindictive foe. I leave you. I go. Beware of zie nect time we meet!"

And the cooling the way towards the cooling the call the playfulness. In their stead was savage exuitation. Each one seemed anxious to be the first to seize the mortal who had kissel their piness and insulted their king. They througed p incess and insulted their king. They thronged about him with frightful cries. All the valley was filled with their thousands, and from every crag leaned down hideous, deformed figures that leered upon him, and "mowed," and chattered fiercely.

Iromediately around him was a little space, in which stood the king, regarding him with a glance so sinister and so fall of hate that he was cowed and not inister and so tail of natural force. He could neither speak nor sur.

"Now you are mine!" cried the gnome.

"Now he is thine!" resounded in shrill chorus

from ten thousand throats.

They seemed about to rush in upon him, in a solid body, when there burst into the inner circle a thing of light and beauty so majestic that the horrible crew shrank back before its brightness.

It was the princess, who, kneeling at her father's feet, with pitiful, upturned eyes, broke into a parsionate and pleading strain of melody. In vain she implored, wept, wrung her hands. The more earnestly and persis ently she pleaded the mortal's cause the darker grow the brow of the euraged

Presently he spurned her from him with a vio-lence that left her half senseless on the ground. Then he gave some order, in a harsh and angry voice, and a half dozen aged goblin crones bore her off into the recesses of the cavern.

Again the great multitude swayed and pulsated, and again they rushed towards poor Cabot.

Already they had crowded upon him. Some had leaped upon his back; some had twined themselves about his legs and arms; some had seized him by the throat, and he had given up all hope of an escape from a fearful door, when form come an escape from a fearful doom; when, from some far-away farm, over the mountains, where men lived and toiled, came, very faint, but shrill and

What magic was this?

They loosed their hold! They fell buck from about him! With spiteful yells of dissppointment and rage, they rushed headlong into the yawning cavern; and in half a minute more the boulder stood in the old place, where he had set heatle stood in the old place, where he had alent heaide

Cabot thre whimself on the ground panting and

almost lifeless.

Only for a 'ew moments, though, then he sprang up, and, leaving hat, rod, fish-basket, he rushed

up, and, restring hat, roy, ash-basket, he rushed wildly down the glen.

The landlord, Tom Kennedy, has already told us how he recuited himself at the little inn.

When he left so hurriedly he probably departed for Curon, to see his correspondent, and put all possible space between himself and the Grome of the Green Mountains. the Green Mountains.

WHAT GOTTSCHALK THINKS OF CHICKERING'S PIANOFORTES.

In these days of extraordinary competition in pi-noforte making, it is pleasant to find that the old-st firm in America keeps pace with the progressive spirit of the age. The following opinion from the celebrated L. M. Gottschulk is the most valuable testimony that can be offered, for he has tested there instruments for years, and is conversant with all the pianos of Europe and America, and he is an authority that cannot be disputed. His endorsement is as follows:

pianos of Europe and America, and he is an authority that cannot be disputed. His endorsement is as follows:

"The great sensation which, in all my recent concerts, has been produced by your pianos of the new mo el, the admir ng testimony of the artists before whem I have played upon them, and, indeed, the new is a surprise of the end of the of

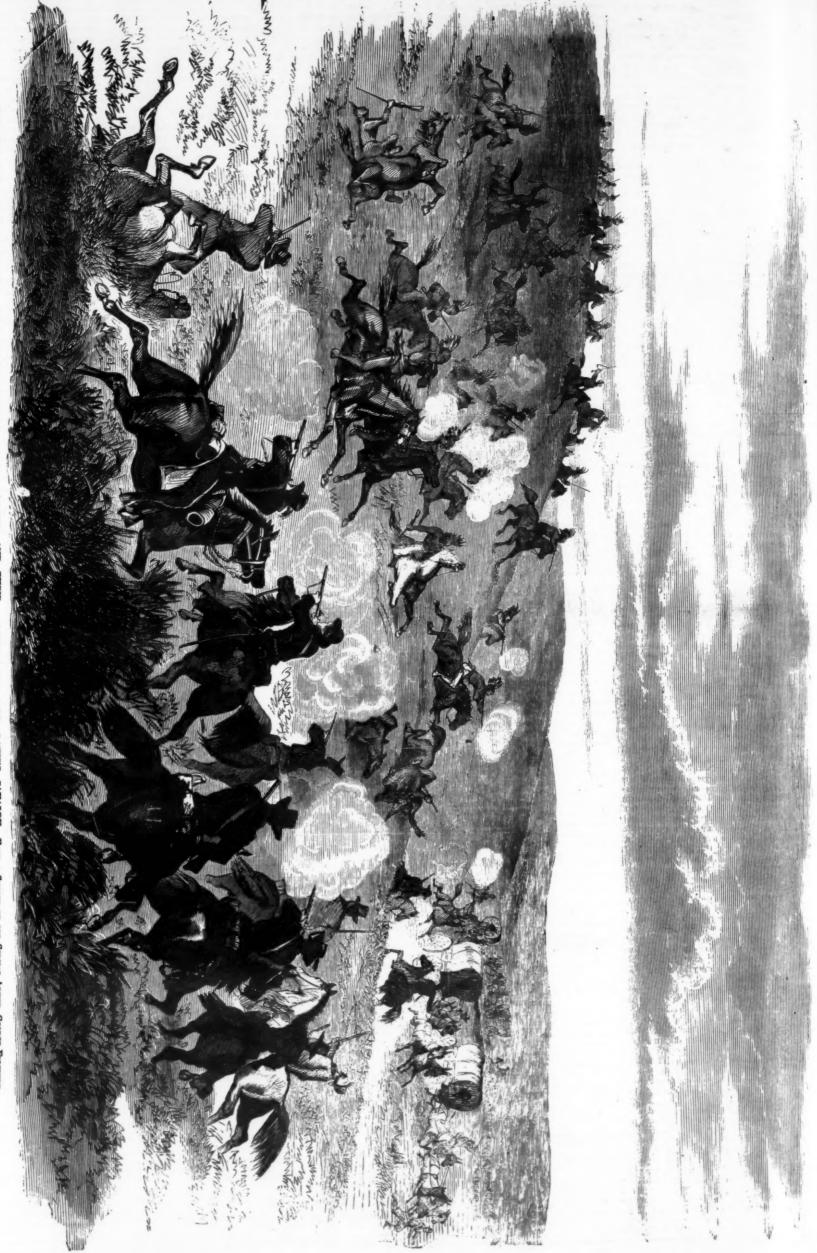
terise your instruments.

"Accep", gentiem n, my rincere congrafulations.

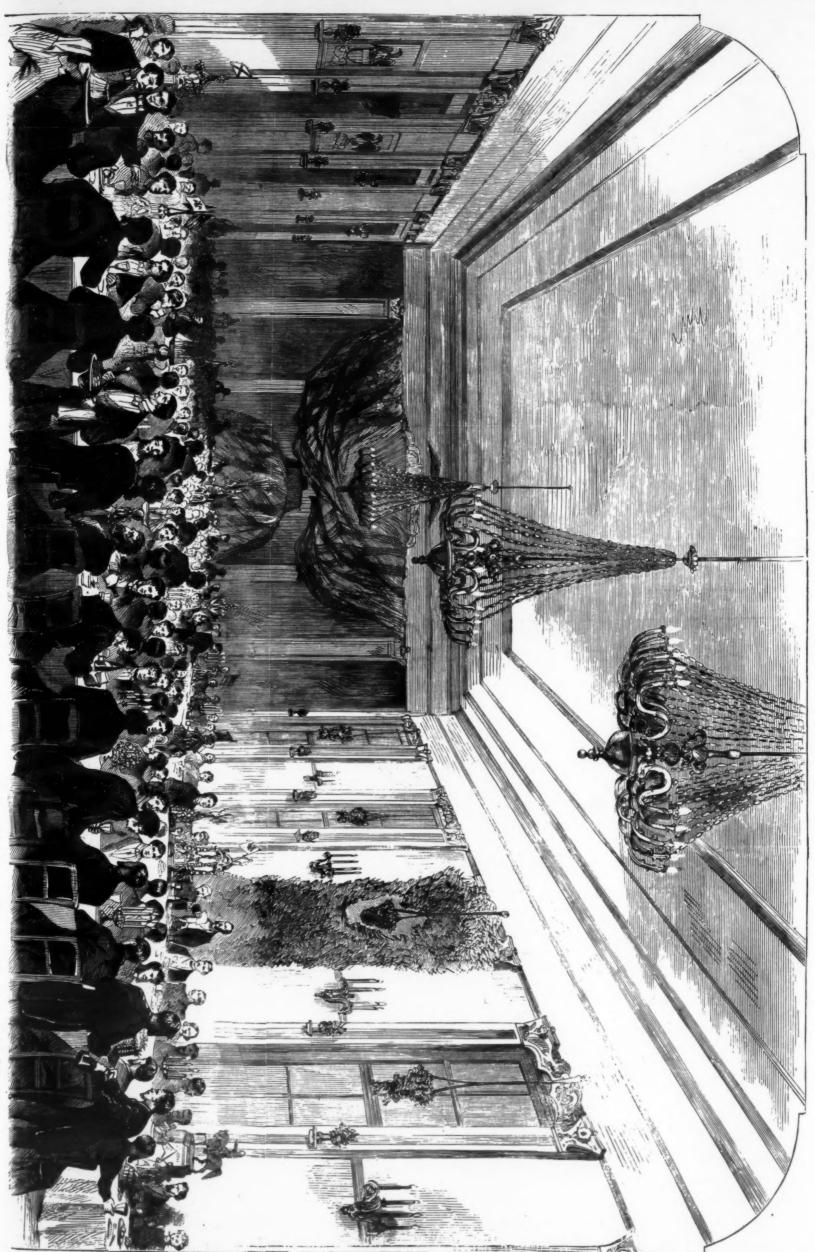
Hen-eferth the United States may advantageously compete with Europe in the construction of planes; and it is not the least of oil our commercial triumphs that you have succeeded in matching and surpassing the efforts of the Erards, the Pleyels, the Collaras and the Broadwoods.

and the Broadwoods.
"Truey yours, L. M. GOTTSCHALK."

Ir is with great regret that we state that Mr. Forrest's engagement at Niblo's Garden was on Friday last brought to a temporary cossution, on account of a serious family affliction. It was resumed upon this Wednesday, when he reappeared in "The Broker of Bogots," in his five individualization of



THE SIOUX WAR-ATTACK OF THE SIOUX ON THE FORAGE TEAMS CAMPING, AND THEIR REPULSE BY CAPT. DAVIS'S CAVALRY.—From a Serich by our Special Arter, Grougs Exis



OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS-BANQUET AND EN THE CITY OF NEW YORK TO REAR-ADMIRAL LISOVSKI AT THE ASTOR HOUSE, MONDAY, OCTOBER 19.-FROM A SERVER BY OUR SPEC

LIFE'S INCONGRUITY.

BY LIEUT. EDGAR PHELPS, U.S. A.

GREEN grows the laurel on the bank, Dark waves the pine upon the hill, Green hangs the lichen, cold and dank, Dark springs the heartsease by the rill; Age-mosses clamber ever bright, Pale is the water-lily's bloom; Thus Life still courts the shades of night, And Beauty hovers o'er the tomb.

So, all through life, incongruous hue Each object wears from childhood down, The evan-scent-heaven's blue, The all-enduring-sober brown Our brightest dreams too quickly die And griefs are green that should be old, And joys that sparkle to the eye Are like a tale that's quickly told.

And yet 'tis but the golden mean That checks our lives unsteady flow, God's counterbalance thrown between, To poise the scale 'twixt joy and woe! And better so, for were the bowl Too freely to the parched lips given, Too much of grief would crush the soul, Too much of joy would wean from heaven.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. B. BRADDOM,

AUTHOR OF "AUBORA PLOYD," "LADY AUDILIV'S MARCHMONT'S LEGACY, ENG. SA TUBER

CHAPTER LVII .- MAURICE DE CRESPIONY'S BEQUEST.

RICHARD THOUNTON had received Eleanor's letter in Ediaburgh, and had been travelling perpetually since his receip: of the girl's eager epis-tle. He had calculated that by travelling day and night he should be able to accomplish a great achievement in the four days that were to elapse between the hour in which he received Bleanor's letter and the hour appointed for the interview with the Frenchman. This achieveinterview with the Frenchman. This achievement was the reconciliation of Gilbert Monckton and his wife. '

For this purpose the devoted young man had travelled from Edinburgh to London, and from London to Torquay, back to London again, with Mr. Monckton for his companion, and from London to Paris, still in that gentleman's companionship. Gibert Monekton would have thought it a small thing to have given half his fortune in payment of the tidings which the scene-painter carried to him.

He should see his wife again; his bright and beautiful young wife, whom he had so cruelly wrong d and so stupidly mi understood.

Human nature is made up of contradictions. From the hour in which Gilbert Monckton had turned his back upon Tolldale Priory, deserting his young wife in a paroxysm of jealous anger, until now, he had done nothing but repent of his own work. Why had he disbelieved in her in Had she not stood before him, with the glorious light of truth shining out of her beautiful face Even had he not already repented. Eleanor's letter would have opened the jealous husband's eyes to his own folly. That brief, offended let-ter in which the brave girl had repudiated her busband's offer of money and ind husband's offer of money and independence, and had declared her proud determination to go out into the world once more and to get her own living, and to accept nothing from the man who doubted her truth.

The lawyer had made every effort to lure the lost bird back to its deserted nest. But if you render your wife's existence intolerable, and she runs away from you in despair, it is not always possible to bring her back to your halls, though you may be never so penitent for your offences against her. Gilbert Monckton had employed against her. every means in his endeavers to discover his wife's whereabouts, but had failed most completely to do so. His search was futile; his advertisements were unanswered; and very lonely and miserable he had dragged out the last six weeks, in constant oscillation between London and Torquay, always making some new effort to obtain tidings of the missing girl, perpetually beguiled a little way onward with false hopes, only to be disappointed. He had gone again and again to Signora Piciriilo, but had received no comfort from her, inasmuch as the music mistress knew no more about Eleanor than he did.

It is not to be wondered, then, that when Richard Thornton appeared at Torquay, carrying with him Eleanor's letter, he was received with open arms by the penitent husband. Not was wasted by the eager travellers, but use what haste they might, they could not hasten the Dover express, or the Calais packets, or the comfortable jog-trot pace of the train between Calais and Paris; so they had only been able to arrive at eight o'clock in the dusky April evening, just in time to behold Major Lennard in his moment of triumph.

Gilbert Moncks n extended his hand to the stalwart soldier, after the events of the evening had been hurriedly related by Eleanor and he companion.

"You robbed me of a wife twenty years ago, Major Lennard," he said, "but you have restored another wife to me to-night."

"Then I suppose [we're quits," the major exelaimed, cheerfully, "and we can go back to the Palais and have a devilled lobster, eh? I though, first, eh?'

Mr. Monekton heartily concurred in this sug gestion; and Richard Thornton, who was better acquainted with Paris than any of his compan-nions, ran downstairs, told the portress of the ma'ady which had stricken down the lodger in the entresel, dispetabled the sharp young damsel with the shrill voice in search of a sack nurse, and went it must to look for a dictor. In little more than half an hour both these officials had arrived, and Mr. Monekton and his wife, Major Lennard and Richard departed, leaving Frenchman in the care of his two compatriots But before Gilbert Mosekton left the spartment he gave the nurse special orders respecting the sick man. She was not to let him leave his rooms upon any pretence whatever; not even if he should appear to necome reasonable.

Mr. Monekton went to the Hotel du Palais with

with his young wife, and, for the first time since he had been wronged, forgave the frivolous woman me had been wronged, forgave the involved woman who had jilted him. She had been very kind to Eleanor, and he was in a humor to be pleased with any one who had been go d to his wife. So the lawyer shock bands very heartily with Mrs. Lennard, and promised that she should see her daughter before long.

"The poor little girl has had a hard trial lately, Mrs. Lennard, through my folly, and I owe her some atonement. I separated her from her natural protectors because I was presumptuous enough to imagine that I was better fitted to plan her destiny; and after all I have wrecked her girlish hopes, poor child. But I don't think the damage is irreparable > I think she'll scarcely break her heart about Launcelot Darrell."

In all this time nobody had cared to ask any questions about the will. Eleanor had handed it to her husband, and Gilbert Monckton had put it, still folded, into his pocket. But when the devilled lob ter and the sparkling Moselle, which the major insisted upon ordering, had been discussed, and the table cleazed, Mr. Monekton took the important

"We may as well look at poor De Crespigny's last testam-nt," he said, "and see who has been most is jured by the success of Launcelot Darrell's fabricatio

He read the first two sheets of the will to himself, slowly and thoughtful. He remembered every word of those two first sheets. So far the real will was verbatim the same as the forged document; Gilbert Monckton cou'd therefore now understand why that fabricated will had seemed so genuine. The fabrication had been copied from the original paper. It was thus that the forgery had borne the stamp of the testator's mind. The only difference between the two documents lay in the last and most important clause.

The lawyer read aloud this last sheet of Maurice de Crespigny's will:

"I devise and bequeath all the residue and re mainder of my real and personal property unto Hortensia Bannister, the daughter of my oli and deceased college friend, George Vane, and my valued friend Peter Sedgewick, of Cheltenham, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, upon trust, for the sole and separate use of Eleanor, the daughter of my said dear accessed friend, George Vane, by his last wife, Eleanor Thompson, during her life, free from the control, deats or engagements of any husband she may at any time have, and so that she shall not have power to antiripate the rents, interest and annual proceeds thereof, and upon and after her decease for such persons, estates, and in such minner as she shall, whether covert or uncovert, by will appoint; and in default of and subject to any such appointment, for the said Ele nor, the daughter of the said George Vane, to her heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, according to the nature of the said property. And in case the said Eleanor shall have departed this life during my lifetime, or in case the said last named trustees cannot discover the said Eleanor Vane within four years after my decrase, then they shall consider the said Eleanor dead, and therefrom I give and devise the said residuary estates to be equally divided between my said three nieces, Sarah, Lavinia and Ellen, abso-

"It is fortunate that the money is left to trustees for your separate use, Eleanor," Mr. Monckton said. "If it had been atherwise the gift would have been invalid, since I, your husband, was one of the witnesses to the will."

A torrent of congratulations from Mojor and Mrs. Lennard and Richard Thornton almost overwhelmed Eleanor; but she was still more overwhelmed by her astonishment at the wording of the

"The money left to me!" she exclaimed. "I I am sorry it should be so. It will seem now as if I had been plotting to get this fortune. I don't want it. I only want my revenge.

Gilbert Monckton narro ly watched his wife's astonished face. He saw no lock of triumph, no smile of gratification. At least she was free from any moreonary baseness. He took her a little way from the rest of the party and looked carnestly in her fearless eyes.

"M own dear love." he said. "I have learned a hard lesson, and I believe that I shall profit by it. I will never doubt you again. But tell me, Elean tell me once and for ver-have you ever loved Launcelot Darrell! Have any of your actions been prompted by jealousy?"

"Not one," cried Mrs. Monckton. "I have never loved him, and I have never been jealous of him. From first to last I have been actuated by one motive and one alone—the duty I owe to my dead father."

She had not abandoned her purpose, then. No; the lurid star that had beckoned her forward still shone before her. It was so near now that its red splendor filled the universe. The young wife was pleased to be reconciled to her husband; but with the sense that he was restored to her once n

suppose we must do something for this poor devil the memory of the dreary interval in which she She had watched her son as only mothers can had lost him melted away from her mind, and Launcelot Darrell-Launcelot Darrell, the stroyer of her dead father, became once more paraount in her mind.
"Oh, Gilbert!" she said, clasping her hands

about her hu bind's arm, and looking up in his face, "you'll take me back to England at once,

Yes, my d'ar," Mr. M neston answered, with

There was a justous pain at his heart as he spoke. His wite was put e and true, and heart of he this strange purpose of her take divised her from his and lefe his own existence very blank.

CHAPTEL LYIII .- THE DAY OF RECKONING.

LAUNCELOT DARRELL and his mother had inhabited Woodlan left a dittle more than af rtuight. The painters, and experimeners, and upholsterers had done agreate at to alter the handsome country-house; for Mr. Daniell had no wish to be remiseded of the dead uncle, and tamiliar chairs and tables have an uppleasant faculty of suggesting times are thoughts and recalling f.d d frees that had better be forgotten. Almost alithe o d furnisure had been swept away, there fore, and the young man had be-haved very generously to his maiden aunts, who had furnished a small house in Windsor with the things that Launcelot had banished from Woodlands. These poor disappointed ladies had located themselves in a quiet little cul de-sac, squeezed in between the hilly street and the castle, with the idea that the wild dissipation of a town life would

enable them to forget their wrongs. So Launcelot Darrell and his mother reigned at Woodlands instead of the maiden sisters; and Parker, the butler, and Mrs. Jepcott, the housekeeper, waited upon a new master and mistress.

The young man had chafed bitterly at his poverty. and had nated himself and all the world because of those humiliations to which a man who is too idle to work and too poor to live without work is always more or less subject. But, alas! now that by the commission of a crime he had attained the great end of his ambition, he found that the game was not worth the candle, and that in his most feetful moments b fore Maurice de Cespigny's deata he had never suffered as much as he now suffered daily and hourly.

The murderers of the unfortunate Mr. Ware ate

a hearty supper of pork chops while their victim lay, scarcely cold, in a pond beside the dark road; but it is not everybody who is blessed with the strength of mind possessed by these gentlemen. Launcelot Darrell could not shake off the recollection of what he had done. From morning till night, from night till moraing, the same thoughts, the same fears were perpetually pressing upon him. In the eyes of every servant who looked at him; in the voice of every creature who spoke to him; in the sound of every bell that rang in the roo country house, there lurked a something that inspired the miserable terror of detection. It haunted hin in every place, it met him at every turn. The knowledge that he was in the power of two bad, unscrupulous men, the lawyer's cark and Victor Bourdon, made him the most helpless of slaves Already he had found what it was to be in the power of a vicious and greedy wretch. The clerk had been easily satisfied by the gift of a round sum of money, and had levanted before his employer re-turned from America. But Victor Bourdon had been insatiable. He was a gamester and a d-unkard; and he expected to find in Launceist Darreli's urse a gold mine that was never to be exhausted He had abandoned himself to the wildest dissipation in the worst haunts of London after Maurice de Crespiguy's death, and had appeared at Woodlands at all times and seasons, demanding enormous sums of his miserable victim. At first terror had sealed Launcelot Darrel's lips, and he had acceded to the most extravagant demands of his accomplice: but at last his temper had given way, and he had to which the Frenchman had alluded in his inter-view with Eleanor. After this refusal there had been a desperate quarrel between the two men, at the end of which the commercial traveller had received a thrashing, and had been turned out of door by the master of Woodlands.

The young man had been quite reckless of casequences in his passion; but when he grew a late calmer he began to reflect upon the issue ofthis quarrel.

"I cannot see what harm the man can dome he thought; "to accuse me is to accuse amself also, and then who would believe his unsuperted testimony? I could laugh at him as a ma.man.

Launcelot Dariell had no knowledge c the existence of the real will. He most full believed that it had been burned before his own eyes, and that E eanur's assertion to the contrar had been only a woman's falsehood invented to striff him.

"If the girl bud once had the will is her possession she would never have been sucl a fool as to lose it," he argued.

But not vithstuncing all this he fet a vague all the more terrible because o' its indefinite character. He had placed himsel in a false position. The poet is born and not male; and perhaps the same thing may be said of the criminal. The genlus of crime, like the genius of song, may be a capricious blossom indisenous to such and such a soil, but not to be produced by sultivation. How ever this may be, Launcelot Darrell was not a great criminal. He had none of the reckless daring maryclious power of dissimulation, the blind indifference to the future which made a Palmer, a Cartouche, a Fauntieroy or a Roupell. He was wretched because of what he had done, and he allowed everybody to perceive his wretchedgess.

Mrs. Darrell saw that her son was miserable, in spite of his newly-acquired wealth, and a horrible terror seized upon her. Her sisters had taken good care to describe to her the scene that had occurred at Woodlands upon t enight of the old man's death.

watch the children they love, and she had seen that his dead kinsman's fortune had brought him no happiness. She had questioned him, but had recrived on'y sulky, ungracious answers, and she had

not the heart to press him too closely.

The mother and son were alone in the drawingroom at Woodlands about a week after the some
in Monstour Bourdon's apartment. They had dired tête-à-tête. The dessert had not been removed, and the young man was still sitting at the bott m of the long t.ble, longi glasiv in his comfortable chair, and very often refiling his glass from the clareting on his right hand. The three long windows were open, and the soft May twilight crept into the room.

A tail shaded lamp stood in the capter of tall shaded lamp stood in the centre of the table, making a great spot of light in the dusky room. Below the lamp there was a confused shimmer of cut-glass, upon which the lamplight trembled, like mornbeams upon running water. There were some purple grapes and a lixer of vine leaves in a desser; dish of Sèvres china, the spiny crown of a pineapple and scarlet s'rawberries that made splashes of vivid color anddst the sombre green. The pictured face of the dead man hanging upon the wall behind Launcelot Darreli's chair seemed to look reproachfully out of the shadows. The rub; draperies shading the open windows grew darker with the fading of the light. The faint odor of lilaes and hawthorn blossoms blew in from the garden. The evening stillness was only broken by the sound of leaves stirred faintly by a slow night-

wind that crept among the trees.

Mrs. Darrell was sitting in the recess of one of the open windows, with some needlework in her lap. She had brought her work into the diningroom after dinner, because she wished of be with her son; and she knew that Launceot would sit for the best part of the evening brod-ing over his half-filled glass. The young man was not completely miserable. The great grong he had done had brought upon him a corture which he was scarcely strong enough to endure. If he could have undone that wrong; -! No! That way lay such shame and degradion as he could never stoop to endure.

"It was all my great-uncle's fatt," he repeated to h'mself, doggedly, "That business had he to make the will of a maduan? Whom have I robbed after all? Only a pecious adventered the internal of the periods and the periods are periods and the periods and the periods are periods are periods and periods are periods are periods and periods are periods uress, the intriguing daughter c a selfish spend-thrift."

Such thoughts as these wer for ever rising in the young man's mind. He was thinking them to-night, while his mothersat in the window watching her son's face fulvely. He was only roused from his reverie; the sound of wheels upon the gravel drive, th opening of a carriage door, and the loud ringin of the bell.

The arrival of any devanced arrives the state of the s

The arrival of any aexpected visitor always frightened him; so it ws nothing unusual for him to get up from his cair and go to the door of the room and listen s the sound of voices in the hall.

To-night he turn! deadly pale as he recognised a familiar voice, he voice of Gilbert Monekton, whom he had no seen since the reading of the will. Launcelot Drell drew back as the servant ap-

proached the oor, and in another moment the man opened, and announced Mr. Monckton, Mrs. Moncka, Mr. Thornton, M. Bourdon. would haveannounced Mr. John Ketch, I dare say, just a soolly.

Launce't Darrell planted his back against the low mare chimneypiece, and prepared to meet his fate It had come—the realisation of that his fate It had come—the realisation of that horriblaightmare which had tormented him ever since se night of Maurice de Crespigny's death.

It has come-detection, digrace, humiliation, desp.r; no matter by what name it was called, the sing was living death. Mis heart seemed to me into water, and then freeze in his breast. He he seen the face of Victor Bourdon lurking boind Gilb rt and Eleanor, and he knew that he ud been betrayed.

The young man knew this, and determined to make a gallant ficish. Hewas not a coward; he was only an irresolute, vacilating, selfish Sybarite, who had quarrelled with tle great schoolmaster Fate because his life had not been made one long grow courageous at the last. Launcelot Darrell was not a coward; he sew himself up to his fullest height, and preared to confront his ccusers.

Eleanor Monckton advaced towards him. Her husband tried to restrai her, but his effort was wasted; she waved himback with her hand, and went on to where the pung man stood, with her head lifted and her nostils quivering.
"At last, Launcelot larrell," she cried, "after

watching that has weried me, and failures that have tempted me to depair, at last I can keep my promise; at last I ca be true to the lost father whose death was you cruel work. When last I was in this house, ye laughed at me and defied me. I was robbed ofhe evidence that would have condemned you; all se world seemed leagued together against me. ow the proof of your crime is in my hands, and theoice of your accomplice has borne witness agaist you. Cheat, trickster and ferger, there is no cape for you now.

No." exclaime Moneieur Bourdon, with an unctucus chuckle, it is now your turn to be chased, my striplic; it is now your turn to be kicked out of the doc."

"From first totast, from first to last," said Eleanor, "you are been false and cruel. You wronged and decred the friends who sent you to India

"Yange," inteupted the commercial traveller, who was very pa, and by no means too steady in his nerves, aftethe attack of delirium tr-mens He had dropped to a chair and sat : rembling and grinning at his te pa'ron, with a ghastly jocosity that was far fm agreeable to behold. you eheat yourne-thair, you cheat your friends

You what you call shally-shilly, and upon the go. You what you can saaily-shifty, and upon the last moment, when the machine is on the point to depart, you change the mind. You are well in England, there is a handsome career for you, as artist, you say. Then you will not go. But you have feer of your uncle, who has given the money for your—6t-out—and for your passage, and you make believe to do what they with from you. You have the friend, a confrère, a Mr.—, who is to pur be your cabin. You write to heem, and get heem to post your letters; you write to your mother, in Clip-a-stone street, and you say to her r of your mode, who has given the me mother, in Clip-a-stone street, and you say to her, 'Dear mother, I cannot bear this broil climate; I am broil; I work the night and the day; I am indizo planter;' and you send your letter to the Indias to be posted; and your poor mother belief you; and you are in Paris to enjoy yourself, to lead the life of student, a little Bohemian, but very gay. You read Balzac, you make the little sketches for the cheap Parisian journals. You are gumester, and win money from a poor old Englishman, the father of that lady there; and you make a cat's paw of your friend, Victor Bourdon. You are a villain man, Monsieur Darrell, but it is finished with

"Listen to me, Launcelot Darrell," Gilbert Monchton said, quietly: "Every falsehood and trick of which you have been guilty, from first to last, is known. There is no help for you. The which my wife holds in her hand is the genuine will signed by Maurice de Crespiny. This man is prepared to testify that the will by which you took possession of this estate is a forgery, fabricated by you and Henry Lawford's clerk, who had in his possession a rough draught of the real will which he had written to Mr. de Crespigny's dictation, and who copied the three different signatures from three letters written by the old man to Henry Lawford. You are prepared to bear witness to this," added

the lawyer, turning to Victor Bourdon.

But, certainly," exclaimed the Frenchman by this candor. It is underst od that I am innocent in this affair." "it being well understood that I am not to suffer

"Innocent!" cried Launcelot Darrell; bitterly. "Why, you were the prime mover in this business It was your suggestion that first induced—"

"It is possible, my friend," murmured Monsieur Bourdon, complacentis; "but is it, then, a crime to make a little suggestion—to try to make one's self useful to a friend? I do not believe it! No matter. I have studied your English law; I do not think it can touch me, since I am only prepared to swear to having found this real will, and having before that overheard a conversation between you and the clerk of the avoué de Vindsor."

"You use noble tools, Mrs. Monckton," said Launcelot Darrell; "but I do not know by what right you come into my house, uninvited, and bringing in your train a very respectable transpon-tine scene painter with whom I have not the honor to be acquainted, and a French commercial traveller, who has chosen to make himself peculiarly obnoxious to me. It is for the Court of Coancery to decide whether I am the rightful owner of house and all appertaining to it. I shall await the fiat of that court; and in the meantime I have the

honor to wish you good evening."

He laid his hand upon the handle of the bell as

he spoke, but he did not pull it.
"You defy me, then, Launcelot Darrell?" said

Eleanor. "I do."

"I am glad that it is so!" exclaimed the girl. "I am glad that you have not prayed to me for mercy. I am glad that Providence has suffered me to avenge my father's death."

Eleanor Monckton was moving towards the

In all this time Ellen Darrell had not one spoken. She had stood apart in the recess of the window, a dark and melancholy shadow, mourning over the ruin of her life.

I think that she was scarcely surprised at what had happened. We sometimes know the people we love, and we know them to be base; but we on loving them desperately, nevertheless; and love them best when the world is against them, and they have most need of our love. I speak here of maternal love, which is so sublime an affection as to be next in order to the love of God.

The widow came suddenly into the centre of the room, and cast herself on her knees before Eleaner, and wound her arms about the girl's slender waist, pinning her to the spot upon which she stood, and holding her there. The mother's arms were holding her there. The mother's arms were stronger than bands of iron, for they were linked about the enemy of her son. It has been demon-strated by practical soologists that the king of beasts, his majesty the lion, is after all a cowardly creature. It is only the lioness, the mother, whose courage is desperate and indomit-

"You shall not do this," Ellen Darrell cried; "you shall not bring disgrace upon my son. Take your due, whatever it is; take your paltry wealth. You have plotted for it, I dare say. Take it, and let us go out of this place penniless. But no disgrace, no humiliation, no punishment for him!"

"Mother," cried Launcelot, "get up off your knees. Let her do her worst. I ask no mercy of her."
"Don't hear him," gasped the widow, "don't listen. Oh, Eleanor, save him from shame and disgrace. Save him! save him! I was always good to you, was I not? I meant to be so, believe ever I was unkind it was because I was distracted by regrets and anxieties about him. Oh Eleanor, forgive him, and be merciful to me! For Oh, give him. It is my fault that he is what he is. It was my foolish indulgence that ruised his child-It was my false pride that taught him to think he had a right to my uncle's money. From first to last, Eleanor, it is I that am to blame. Remember this, and forgive him, forgive-"

Her throat grew dry, and her voice broke, but her lips still moved, though no sound came from

You make belief to go to the Indias, but you do not them, and she was still imploring mercy for her wished to do. There was no scandal. All legal

"Forgive!" cried Eleanor bitterly. the man who caused my father's death! Do you think I have waited and watched for nothing? It seems to me as if all my life had been given up to this one hope. Do you know how that man has she exclaimed, pointing to Launcelot defied me? Darrell. "Do you know that through him I have been divided from my husband? Bah! why do I speak of my own wrongs? Do you know that my father, a poor helpless old man, a lonely, friendless old man, a decayed gentle nan, killed himself because of your son? Do you expect that I am to forget that? Do you want me to abandon the saided purpose of my life, the purpose to which I have sacrificed every girlish happiness, every womanly joy, now that the victory is mine, and that I can keep my vow?"

tried to disengage herself from Ellen Darrell's arma, but the widow still clung about her, with her head flung back and her white face convulsed with anguish

"Forgive him, for my sake!" she cried; "give him to me—give him to me. He will suffer enough from the roin of his hopes. He will suffer enough from the consciousness of having done wrong. He has suffered. Yes. I have watched him, I know. Take every thing from him. Leave him penniless, dependent upon the pittance my uncle left to me, but save him from disgrace. Give him to me. God has given him to me. Woman, what right have you to take him from

"He killed my father." Eleanor answered, in a ombre voice; "my dead father's letter told me to be revenged upon him."

"Your father wrote in a moment of desperation I knew him. I knew George Vane. He would have forgiven any one. He was the last person to be vindictive or revengeful when his first anger was past. What good end will be gained by my son's disgrace? You shall not return hear me You are a wife, Eleanor Monckton; you may be one day a mother. If you are pitiless to me now, God will be pitiless to you then. You wid think of me then. In every throb of pain your child may suffer, in every chi'dish ailment that makes your heart grow sick with unutterable fear, you will recognise God's vengeance upon you for this night's work. Think of this, and be merciful to me-to me-not him. What he would have to endure wou'd only be a tithe of my suffering. I am his

mother-his mother!"
"Oh, my God!" cried Eleanor, lifting her clasped hands above her head. "What am I to

The hour of her triumph had come, and with it doubt and fear took possession of her breast. If this was her victory, it was only half a victory. She had never thought that any innocent creature would suffer more cruelly by her vengeance upon Launcelot Darrell than the man himself would suffer. And now here was this woman whose only sin had been an idolatrous love of her son, and to whom his disgrace would be worse than the anguish of death.

The widow's agony had been too powerful for the girl's endurance. Eleanor burst into a passion of tears, and turning to her husband let her

head fall upon his breast. "What am I to do, Gilbert?" sne said. "What

"I will not advise you, my dear," the lawyer answered, in a low voice. "To-night's business is of your own accomplishing. Your own heart must be your only guide."

There was silence in the room for a few moments, only broken by Eleanor's sobbing. The widow still knel', still ching about the girl, with her white face fixed now in an awful stillness.

"Oh, my dear, dead father!" Eleanor sobbed; "you—you did wrong yourself sometimes, and you were always kind and merciful to people. Heaven knows I have tried to keep my oath; but I cannot, It seemed so easy to imagine my re venge when it was far away, but now-it is too hard-it is too hard! Take your son, Mrs. Dar-I am a poor helpless coward, and cannot carry out the purpose of my life."

The white uplifted face scarcely changed, and the wide w fell back in a heap upon the floor. Her son and Gilbert Monckton lifted her up and carried her to a chair in one of the open windows. Richard Thornton dropped on his knees before Eleanor and began to kiss her hands with effusion.

"Don't be frightened, Nelly," he exclaimed. " was very ford of you once, and very unhapoy about you, as my poor aunt can bear witness; but I am going to marry E'isa Montalembert, and we've got the carpets down at the snuzgest little box in all Brixton already, and I've made it up with Spavin and Cromshaw in consideration of my salary being doubled. Don't be frightened if I make a for lof my self, Eleanor; but I think I could worship you to night. This is your victory, my dear. This is the only revenge Providence ever intended for beautiful young women with hazel brown hair. God bless you!

Launcelot Darrell, with a grayish pallor spread over his face, like a napkin upon the face of a

se, came slowly up to Elemer. You have been very generous to me, Mrs Monckton, though it is a hard thing for me to say as much," he said. "I have done wicked things, but I have suffered-I have suffered and repented perpetually. I had no thought of the awful consequences which would follow the wrong I did your father. I have hated myself for that wicked act ever since. I should never have forged the will if that man had not come to me, and fooled me, and played upon my weaknesses. I will thank you for the mercy you have shown me by-and-bye, Mrs. Monckton, when I am better worthy of your gene-

CHAPTER THE LAST.

GILBERT MONCETON seconded his wife in all she

formalities were gone through very quietly. Those troublesome people who require to be informed as to the business of their neighbors were told that a codicil had been found which revoked the chief clause of Mr. de Crespigny's will. Mr. Peter Sadgewick and Mrs. Bannister were ready to perform all acts required of thom, though the lary expressed considerable surprise at her half-sister's unex-pected accession of wealth. Eleanor Monekon entered into possession of the estates. The impulsive girl, having once forgiven her father's enemy, would fain have surrendered the fortune to him into the bargain, but practical matter-of-fact people were at hand to prevent her being too generous. Mrs. Darrelt and her son went to Italy, and Mrs. Monckton, with her husband's concurrence, made the young man a very handsome allowance, which enabled him to pursue his career as an art at He worked very hard, and with entire ism. The shame of the past give an impetus to his pen-cil. His curraged s. If esteem stood him his friend, and he triled valiantly to redeem himsel from the disgrace that had fullen upon him.

"If I am a gre-t painter, they will remember nothing against me," he said to himself; and though it was not in him to become a great painter, he became a popular painter; a great man for the Royal Academy and the West End engravers, if only a small man for future generations, who will choose the real gems out of the prodigal wealth of the present. During his three years' residence in Italy, Mr. Darrell's first success was a picture which he called "The Earl's Death," from a poem of Tennyson's, with the motto, "Oh, the Earl was fair to see" -a preternaturally ugly man lying at the feet of a preternaturally hideous woman, in a turret cham-ber lighted by lucifer matches—the blue and green light of the luciters on the face of the ugly woman, and a pre-Raphaelite cypress seen through the window; and I amfain to say, that although the picture was ugly, there was a strange weird attraction in it, and people went to see it again and again, and liked and hankered after it, and talked of it perpetually all that season, one fiction declaring that the lucifer match effect was the most delicious moonlight, and the murderess of the Ear! the most levely or womankind, til the faction who thought the very reverse of this became afraid to declare their opinions, and thus everybody was satisfied.

So Launcelot Darrell received a fabrious price for his picture, and, having lived without reproach during three years probation, came home to marry Laura Mason Lennard, who had been true to him all this time, and who would have rather liked to marry a modern Cartouche or Jack Sheppard for the ro-mance of the thing. And although the artist did not become a good man all in a moment, like the repentant villain of a stage play, he did take to heart the lesson of his youth. He was tenderly affectionate to the mother who had suffered so much by reason of his errors, and he made a very toler-able husband to a most devoted little wife.

Monsieur Victor Bourdon was remunerated— and very liberally—for his services, and was told to hold his tongue. He departed for Canada soon after wards, in the interests of the patent mustard. and never reappeared in the neighborhood of Tolldale Priory.

Eleanor insisted on giving up Woodlands for the use of Mr. Darrell, his wife and mother. Signora Picirillo lived with her nephew and his merry little wife in the pretty house at Brixton, but she paid very frequent visits to Tolldaic Priory, so netimes accompanied by Richard and Mrs. Richard, sometimes alone. Matrimony had had a very good effect upon the outward seeming of the scene painter, for his young wife initiated him in the luxury of shirt buttons, as contrasted with pins, to say nothing of the delighes of a shower bath and a pair of ivory backed hai brushes, presented by Eleanor as a birthday present to her old friend. Richard at first suggested that the ivory-backed brushes should be used as chimney-ornaments in the Brixton drawing-room; but after vards submitted to the popular view of the subject, and brushed his hair. Major and Mrs. Lennard were also visitors at Tolldale, and Lauraknew the happiness of paternal and maternal love—the paternal affection evincing itself in the presentation of a great deal of frivolous jewellery, purchased upon credit, the ma-ternal devotion displaying itself in a wild admiration of Launcelot Darreil's son and heir, a pinkfaced baby, who made his appearance in the year 1861, and who looked very much better than the "Dying Glaciator," exhibited by Mr. Darrell in the same year. Little children's voices sounded by-and-bye in the shady pathways of the old-fashioned Priory garden, and in all Berkshire there was not a happier woman than Gilbert Monckton's eautiful young wife.

And after all, Eleanor's Victory was a proper womanly conquest, and not a stern, classical ven-geance. The tender woman's heart triumphed over the girl's rash vow, and poor George Vane's enemy was left to the only Judge whose judgments are always righteous.

THE END.

THE WOLLENHAUPT MEMORIAL CONCERT. This glorious testimonial to the genius and moral worth of the late Hermann A. Wollechaup', given by the musical and literary calebrities of New York, takes plues at Irring Hail, on Wedacally evering max, the 4th of November. The programme will be one of lare interest, for it embraces the finest takent in the city. Miss Louisa Kellogg sings two arias; and a new, and report says, avery fine tenor, Sighor Ruongiadini, will sing for the first time in America. There will be agalaxy of plane fortists, Gottechaik, Mille, Pattison, Hellor and Mason. Therefore Thomas and the Mason and Thomas Quartette will assist, and also the celebrated Liederkranz Society. Bruno Wollenbaupt, at the urgent react of all his friends, will perform a "Reverie" on the vicile. The interest in this Memorial Concert is universal, for every one who knew Hermson A. Wollenbaupt or came within the circle of his influence was his friend. takes place at Irving Hail, on Wednesday evering

ALL of our people owe allegiance to the Government, but with some of them it is like other debts they owe—they'll never pay it.

BOOK NOTICES.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE OF FASHION. November, 1863.

This number shows gra's superiority to all other fashion magazin sit the number and red usefulness of the fish on department, as well in the superior plant of chord full bions, the 'ree folding page and many other fillustrations of the see, in whole or its par, with the full-such patterns for cutting, as in the literary operations.

PETER CARRADINE; OR, THE MARTINDALE PASTOR L. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO. New York: Shelool & Co.

Miss Chasebro is really one of our greatest writers. and if in the present moment American readers are led away by the brillioney and emotional a peak of popular E. gilch writers, they will at last give full credit to genius at home. Her plots are well arranged, her books have an object, her delineations of character finely drawn. finely drawn.

finely drawn.

Of the present work, it has well been said: "In 'Peter Carradine' we have a well-conceived plan, moving forward to its fulfilment with an ease that betokens the practised writer; touches of inimitable pythos; here and there strokes of the quaint humor so familiar to this lady's works, and uncerneath, upbearing and pervading the whole, the throbbings of a heart that is a fit mate for the active brain."

THE LESLIE STORIES.—NEVER GIVE UP; OR, THE NEWSBOYS. By Mrs. MADELINE LESLIE, Buston: Graves & Young; New York: Sheldon &

Co.

The deeded improvement in books for the young is one of the striking characteristics of our day. Stroles of real life, of royich and geltsh struggles, and the scenes in the young re ders know at once, not rest and form the number of the redges. The "Bobbin-Boy" and a refer to lies will be juvenile classics. Among these the present will take a high stand. "I called an in many above will decour the shock with avidity. It will circulate widely.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN IN VIDGINIA: OR, INCIDENTS AND SCENES ON THE BATTLEFIELD AND IN RICHMOND. By Rev. J. J. MARKS, D.D. Phil del. hea: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1863, 12mo

AND IN RICHMOND. By Rev. J. J. MARKS, D.D., Phil del. hea: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1863, 12mo., 44i pp.

S. v. ral works illustrative of this great campling have already appeared, a d the intress attached to it will always invest it with a c-arm to all Americans who read. At this moment a f.ls: price alore spp. rently prevents the traporary rulers of the lend from admit ug their fatal error in recalling McClellan f. om the Peninsula. Dr. Marks gives in this volume a most interesting picture of alse connection with the great army. It is really new and readers need not fear that they will find ne. spp. per accounts served up anew. His descriptions are his own, and the great moral life of the army, best seen by an army displain, enables him to describe from a standpoint well adapted to eat hand see its workings. The military operations he marrates graphical y, with all the hapartial justice of a high-manded and educated clergyman.

Annals Of the Army of the Cumberland.

Annals of the Army of the Cumberland. Writen and Compiled by an Officer. 8vo., 700 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1863.

Philadciphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1863.

This is by far the finest work on any distinct operation of the war or copps of the array that we have seen, and has been produced in a style characteristic of the publishing house that presents it to the public. For that are y which Rosectans has so long and so ably commanded it is a complete history and go of, with an accurate and elegan map of the bail, fill of Stone river. But this is not all. To elucidate a lilm to its history, complete biographical skytches are given of Grans. Rosectans, Thomas, M. Cook, Roussen, Negley, Palmer, S. erdan, Johnson, Davis, Vas Cleve, Morton, Stanley, Carlin, Sill, Hazen, and of the officer of the several staffs, as well as of several other eminent officers living and dear. Many fine portraits, 73 we believe, linestrate the sportion of the work, making a military gallery of that army. Besides this, seec savive chapters describe fully the various departments of the army.

military gamery of the army.

sive chapters describe fully the various departments of the army.

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The author, who bears every mark of the true

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The author, who bears every mark of the true officer, writes purely and impartially, is ng above all party distinctions, and filled on y with a noble particitie feeling. We heartily commend the book to our readers.

OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.—We call their attention to E. & H. T. Authory's liberal effer on our outside page. Their Albums are rough superior to the French in elegance and durability. We are under frequent obligations to the tell established house for the excellent portraits of our Generals that appear in our paper.

HISTORY tells us that in 1777 twenty traire arres ed 13 Philadelpha fo ai, and comfort to then less of our country. A writ of habase or pun was su, doubtane entirely different pay the effect ha leg them in courge. This action had the sanction of George Washington, "Fath of our Country," and the defender of our Cotaliut.

Woman .- A mother cherishes and corrects ns; a sister consulte and cumsels w; a sweether conjecter and charms us; a wife comforts and ca fides in us; without her what would become of us?

A PERSON who could better preach of patience then practise it was all ways itribated when he found his grands hidren in it is study. One day, one of these little children was studied by its moth. It is study. One day, one of these little children was studied by its moth. It is idea, which is side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

"Man," and he, "I don't want to go to heaven."

"Don't want to go to heaven, my son!"

"No, ms, ?'m: wir I don't want to go to heaven."

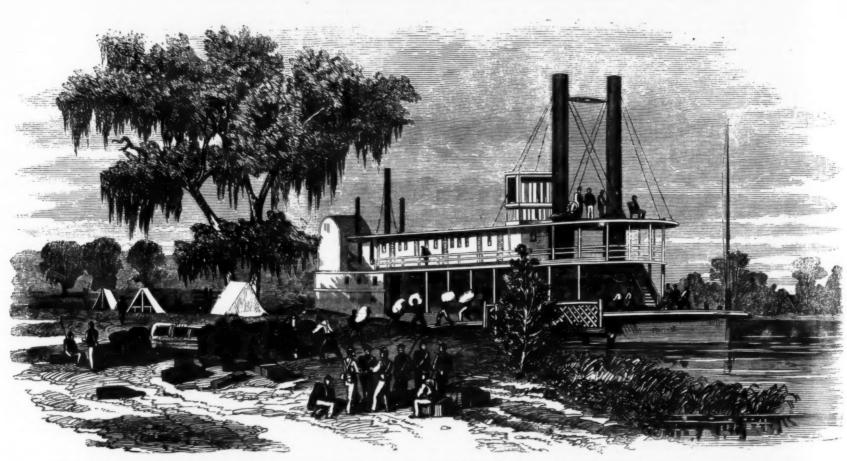
"Why, granopa wil be there, won't he?"

"Why, yes, I hope he wil."

"We'll, just as son as he see us, he will come sooldt. g along, and say: "Whew, whew! what are these boys here for?" I don't want to go to heaven if grandya is going to be there." A PERSON who could better preach of pa-



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE 3RD ENGINEERS (CORPS D'AFRIQUE), COL. G. D. ROBINSON, REMOVING OBSTRUCTIONS FROM THE BAYOU TECHE, AT CORNIE'S BRIDGE, SEPT. 25.—FROM A SKETCH DY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

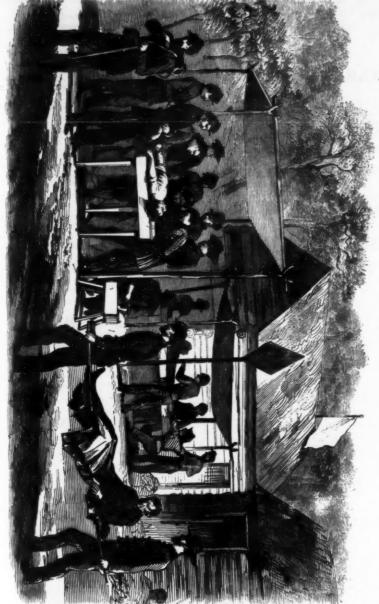


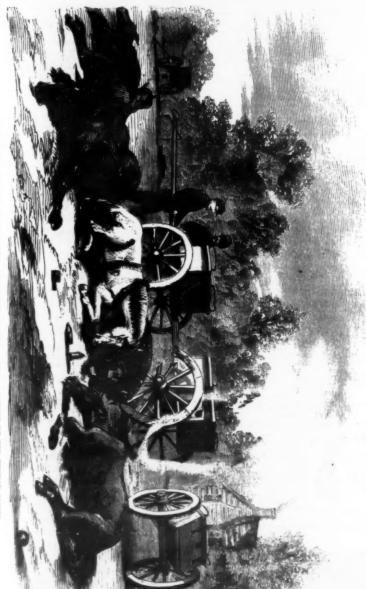
THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER A. G. EROWN AT TARLETON PLANTATION, BAYOU TECHE, WITH SUPPLIES FOR GRN. WEITZEL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.



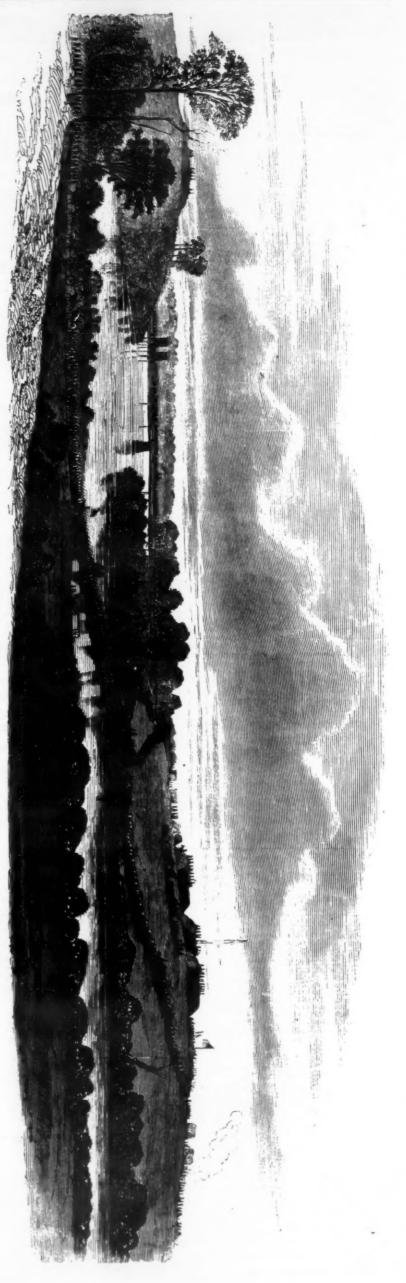
THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—CENTREVILLE, LA., COCUPIED BY THE 116TH N. Y., COL. LOVE, SEPT. 28.—FROM A SERICH BY OUR SPROIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BORWILL.











CARBONS AND HOUSE ON THE FIELD AT BRISTON STATION, --- FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ART

A GOOD story is told by the Buffalo Courier of a certain prominent railroad gentleman of that city, who is qually renowned for making and taking a joke. A relitrad employé, whose bome in in Avon, ceme one Saturday Light to ask for a pass to visit his family.

one Samutany arguments of the railread?" inquired the secure in the employ of the railread?" inquired the secure in alleded to, "Yes," "Yes,"

"Yes,"
"Yes,"
"Yes, receive your pay regularly?"
"Yes, receive your pay regularly?"
"Yes,"
"Well. Now. supposing you were working for a farmer instead of a rebroad, would you expect your empt yer to rite's up his team every S turday night and earry you home?"

This second a priser, but it wesn't.

"No," raid the team, proved by; "I wouldn't expect thet. But if the 'me'rh die teemh't hed un, and wes goilg my way, I she uld call him a mean fellow if 'e wouldn't let ar ide."

The employe came out three he'rut's afterwards with a pass in his pecket, godd for twelve months.

An Irishman in describing America said.

An Irishman in describing America said:
"I would be tye might toll E grand through it amit water case said the tye might told E; grand through it amit water case said the tye might decord culd Ireland in; and is for Saida d, we reight stick it is a corner, yet niver is able to find it out except it might be by the smell of we isker."

A LETTER in the Chattanooga Rebel says that the action in perifors of Tennessee "have been stripped of everything!"

The Lady in Black.

This mysterious and singularly beautiful woman, it is well known, attracted some time since in New York a considerable degree of attection. In a work recordly published, "The Ledy in Black, a Story of New York Life, Morals and Manners," her history is developed, and a very singular and iestructive one it is, and shows how much she was indebted to art for the witchery and charats she fitting around herself, Per example, in roly to a dashing fellow who was wild y enamoved with her, and who attempted to press her ortal los, she exclaimed:

"Come—op that or you good al!. Do you know the tyou are a foo. Jack?"

"I dare say—but for whe tim particular?"

"I for loving ma. I suppose you think me handsome. Nev r w a man more develved. I am a perfect causion. I sail put n. You croise Lay high forched. I made it so with the sid of the Pouder Subtill, procured from that an interchemist to whom so many or our 'ells are indebted for their beauty, the famous Dr Gurand; and that too removed from my upper hy a monstache which would have a most riveled your own. You are in repures with my charange complexious and delivate when neck and hards. I tous it at so much a cake in his Italian Medical do Sop; my lips and cheeks glow as deeply as I please with his Rong; nu Naturel, and my figure, you gis so crazy about, my dressmaker ought to have recalling."

Thus we go. This is but one of the many spontaneous and grateful tribut's pyid to the association.

Thus we go. This is but one of the many sponts or because and grateful tributes poid to the storighing efficacy and populatity of Dr. Felix Gourau 's beautiff' connecties.

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Army and Navy Gazette.

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characters.

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